JOHN BULL, MARCH 30, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1502.

IDEAL HOME, CAR AND £3,000 FOR A FEW WORDS SEE PAGES 46 AND 47

# JOHN BULL

POLISH THEM DAILY

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes....
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort.
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear.....
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

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**YOUR OPPORTUNITY!**

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager,

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Cash or Easy Terms

Greater MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES THAN EVER BEFORE

*FREE with Machine* 100 PAGE BOOK "25 Ways Of Making Money With A Printing Machine."

A Real Automatic Machine in Every Detail. Accurate Metal Die-Castings. Nothing has been spared to produce a high-class Printing Machine. Fine adjustments a simple matter, impression is entirely mechanical. You can print

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**18 CT PLATED GENTS HUNTER**

The only Jubilee Watch on the market offered at low price of 20/-, or 1/6 down and 1/6 weekly. Case is the work of craftsmen, engraved with their Majesties' heads on front and back, numbered "In commemoration of H.M. King George and H.M. Queen Mary. 25 years' successful reign." Handsome 18ct. plated finish elaborately engraved. Inner dust-proof dome stamped Exhibition Medals for accuracy. Aircraft Swiss Non-magnetic Lever movement. Warranted in writing 10 years. Dress chain with their Majesties' Photograph on Medallion 5/6 extra. No extra deposit. Send to-day.

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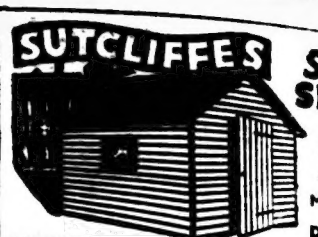

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**FREE** A Unique and very useful VEST POCKET SAFETY RAZOR in nickel case

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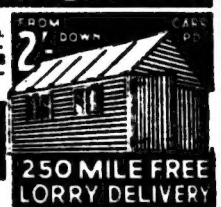

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Seize this opportunity by ordering at once! This special coupon is only valid for a limited period. A 1/9 enlargement for 1/-. FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION from any Photograph Guaranteed. It will delight you. Send us the photo of any relative or friend, or any dear one you may have lost, or *holiday snapshots*, pet animals, landscapes, groups, etc., together with P.O. 1/- for each photo, and the 9d. coupon below, and we will send post *free* in about 14 days a lovely lifesize, 20 in. x 16 in. Enlargement *that will not fade*. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. *Be sure to write your name and address on the back of all photos sent, to ensure safe return.*

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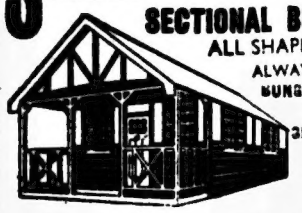

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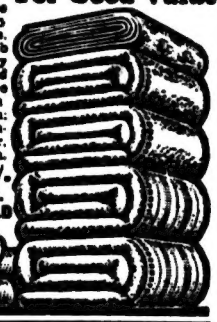

Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders, whipped ends. 68 x 88in. 7½lb pair: Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends. 60x80in. 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases. 20 x 30in One Bolster Case. 20 x 60in: Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 4lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt. 72x94in. Complete. Carriage Paid. 42/- 2/6 Now, 2/6 Monthly. Drapery Catalogue Free.

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Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for Self-Consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Lassitude, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, and similar nervous disorders. The Rivers Treatment has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a £1,000 Guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, without charge or obligation, to any sufferer. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you.

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**2/11**

To advertise our Catalogue we offer ladies' elegant walking-out shoes at the advertising price of 2/11. Rubber soles moulded to an upper of patent finish; smart cuban heel; as smart as shoes costing treble, and *we guarantee months of hard wear.*

Order a pair of each now. Post 9d.

Sizes 3 to 7. Post on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. Recommended for country wear, golf, warehouse, or City wear. Can be supplied in lace or 1 bar (mention style).

**HOUSE SHOES.** Rubber Soles, Damp-proof, flexible, and a boon to tired feet, and will give months of wear.

**1/11**

Sizes 3 to 7. Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d.

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## Accept this Free Offer!

**TIN OF BOOT POLISH and Polishing Cloth**

THIS remarkable offer is made on p. 27 by John White, Ltd., of Rushden, Northamptonshire, makers of Impregnable footwear, and one of the largest Boot and Shoe Makers in Gt. Britain. To get this amazing free gift, simply fill in the coupon in the Impregnable Shoe advt. on p. 27. This will bring you full details including Illustrated Lists of their boots and shoes, address of nearest stockist and Free Gift of Tin of Boot Polish and Polishing Cloth. Attach 1d. stamp for part postage, packing, etc. Simple, isn't it?—Well, write your name and address in the coupon Now, while you think of it! Turn to Page 27.

FREE

## A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

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HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

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WRITE TO-DAY NOW

# BABY CLOTHES

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**30/-**

75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Night-ties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Mats, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

A GLASGOW PURCHASER WRITES: "No wonder you receive so many beautiful testimonials. Words cannot express my thanks for such splendid Baby clothes. Your layette is worthy of all the praise it gets."

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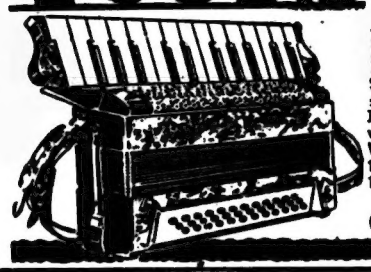
# YOURS for 3/-

6 value gns for 48/6



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Real Piano Accordeons at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action, complete with Shoulder Strap.

21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit. Balance payable 5/- monthly until £2,- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only.

Write for fully illustrated list of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys 24 Bass; 34 Keys 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style. S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or Fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 20 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions.

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You can also have the pleasant experience of F. H. (Manchester) and earn extra cash every week in your spare time, and at the same time make new friends. Become an agent for Amprico 6d. Treble Value Club Cards. They sell at sight because of their wonderful value. No capital or experience is needed. We definitely claim that our proposition is the easiest and simplest way of adding to your income.

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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).
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*This excellent stock has been bought by us, we are now in the position to offer better value than ever. Do not miss this bargain—FINAL OFFER*

2 White Hemmed Sheets 90x70
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1 Jaspe Bedspread 90x70
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1 Art. Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover
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# Complete Home Silver Plating Outfit

Showing the simple operation of Silver Plating a tray—one of a hundred uses

Silver-plates with professional results. Contain everything necessary — Pad - Appliance which with its self-generating harmless Electric current instantly covers articles with genuine LASTING ELECTRO-DEPOSIT of PURE SILVER — Non-poisonous. Even a child can re-coat worn silver-plate or turn copper or brass articles into brilliant silverware. Amazing results on Cutlery, Coffee Pots, Motor and Cycle parts, etc. Send NOW 3/6 P.O. to:—

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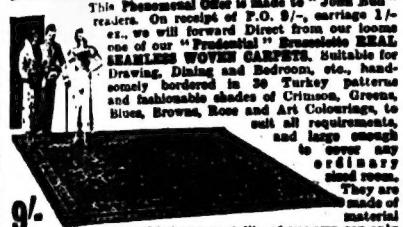

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## SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 24-46. Leg 25-36. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, semi side pockets and buttons inside, permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg & width bottom required.

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St. Margaret's Woollen Slip-over in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White. **1/6**

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Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR ART LIST.

# Yours Free! RADIO SET Great Gift Offer

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**Believe it or not!**

This is the most spectacular of all FREE Gift schemes—a "Jubilee Miracle" Radio Set is yours for the mere asking. Think! A real Radio Receiver (not an ordinary crystal set), which will give you and your family endless hours of entertainment, absolutely FREE! This marvellous, unique, compact Radio Set will not cost you one penny, *nor will you be asked to do anything for us after you receive it.* So apply NOW!

Read these simple conditions. The "Jubilee Miracle" has been praised by well-known Wireless Authorities and is the talk of the Trade.

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*Write for list of larger models.*

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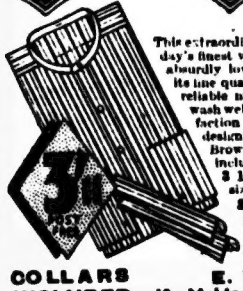


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*for the*

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1910 *The Wonderful Story of* 1935

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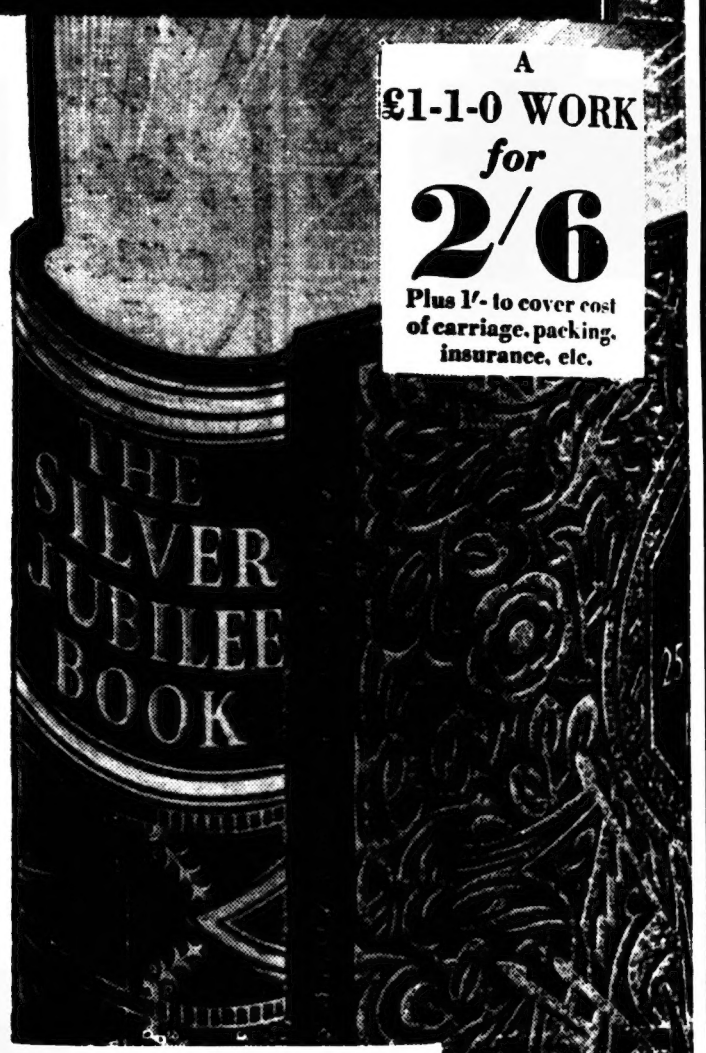


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The Story of 25 Eventful Years in Pictures.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8112.)

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EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on appro. The complete 75-garment Home-made Layette for 30/- (Cash payment or Terms). Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Petts, Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality, 42/-. Also tucking sets 18/6 and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

A BRITISH-MADE Suit to your own measurements for 19/6. Here's your opportunity to look smart for Easter. Read the advt. of H. Thomas & Co. on page 3.

## BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

AMAZING SHIRT BARGAIN! Where can you buy a good shirt for 3/11? An advertiser in the "Shop Window" (page 3) can supply you. Look for the advt. of E. W. Smith, of Colchester.

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### *Capensis Toilet Rolls Save Money for Thousands of Housewives*

Capensis is a big roll and is in every way ideal for toilet purposes. It contains no fewer than 300 sheets of the most delightfully soft and soothing paper, and is guaranteed to be perfectly pure and aseptic. No housewife, however much she may pay for her toilet rolls, could possibly get one, whether medicated or not, that is safer or more satisfactory in use. So why not ask for the threepenny Capensis—YOU WILL SAVE MONEY.

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FREE.—Tin of boot polish and polishing cloth. Also illustrated lists showing styles and prices of Impregnable Boots and Shoes. These will be sent to every reader filling in the coupon in the announcement on p. 27. Enclose a 1d. stamp for part postage, packing, etc. Send the coupon now while you think of it.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, for a free copy of the new 1935 HERCULES Magazine to the Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham. See p. 31

MARVELLOUS discovery for women! "Prufose," guaranteed to prevent ladders in stockings or underwear. Send 6d. to Prufose, Ltd., Dept. S.2, Carlton House, 11D, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. See p. 18.

FREE.—Jay's wonderful free bargain catalogue of free gifts and furniture. Fill in the coupon on page 27, post in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope, and a copy of this catalogue, free gifts, etc., will come by return.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Royal Enfield Cycle advt. on p. 41 for a free catalogue explaining all about Enfield cycles, which can be obtained on easy terms of 2/- weekly.

## GARDENING.

MILLIONS. Trees, Shrubs, Herbaceous Bedding plants. Half-price through building. No option. Inspection invited. Catlgs. free.—Powells, Nurserymen, Warrington.

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THE FINEST OF ALL TONICS for keeping you fit. Simpkins' Halibut Liver Oil Hexagons (Crookes 1,000 B.P. units). Delicious to eat—rich in vitamins, bone-forming, body building, energising. One Hexagon equals in vitamin A and D one teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil. Send 3d. stamps and name of your Chemist for generous sample tin to SIMPKINS, Dept. 101, Barley Sugar Works, Sheffield, 6.

RUPTURE CONQUERED by Beasley's Marvellous Air Cushion. Recommended by Doctors and supplied through Approved Societies. —Write, Dept. 208J, 45, Conduit Street, London, W.1. Send for free trial details.

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MORE than six million prescriptions are made up every year by Boots. The standard of Boots' dispensing is stricter than the law requires. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription—get it made up at Boots. See p. 14.

A FREE booklet is offered by the makers of SILVIKRIN, the natural hair food that goes to the roots of hair trouble.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Silvikrin Laboratories, 145, Sydney Road, London, N.10, for your copy. Thousands of people owe to Silvikrin the abundance, health and beauty of their hair.—Further details appear in the free booklet. See p. 39.

EIGHT useful SHADFORTH Remedies are advertised on p. 43. They are reasonably priced and will bring you back to health. Order any of those you need at once.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the back cover.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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PROVIDE for your own pension. The Pearl Assurance Company's benefits to secure cash payment protection to you and your dependents will be sent free and without obligation to readers filling in the coupon on p. 20.

A FREE booklet on Building, Repairs, Dilapidations, Carpentry, Joinery, Plastering, Cement, Sanitation, etc., can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the VIRTUE announcement on p. 36. Details of such a practical work, written by specialists, have never been published before.

THE average man cannot, except by life assurance, save sufficient out of his yearly income to provide for his wife and children. The Prudential Heritage Policy makes provision for your dependents. An example appears in the announcement on p. 33. Get further details by filling in the coupon. You may never regret it.

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SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the back cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

FREE samples of CUTICURA Soap, Ointment and Talcum are offered in the advt. on page 40. Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and address Cuticura (Dept. 78.CO.), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

# The SERPENT on the DOORSTEP

When the harassed housewife finds the cupboard is bare, the temptress moneylender is waiting to get her in her toils

ONE day recently a woman living in one of the poorer districts of Liverpool committed suicide. She had taken this step to remove a desperate burden of debt which, living, she saw no hope of ever discharging.

She was in the clutches of a woman moneylender. The latter was ostensibly a food hawker. She used that form of door-to-door peddling to cloak her activities as a moneylender—a temptress who seemed to be the friend in need, but soon proved to be a serpent indeed!

She was one of a growing horde of small moneylenders who infest almost every working-class district in the country. Their victims are legion: the total gains from their extortion enormous.

Their activities are for the most part in flagrant contravention of the Moneylenders Act of 1927, which was designed to end usury in its most cruel forms. The Act lays down that the maximum legal rate of interest on money lent shall be 48 per cent. Women moneylenders of this type are charging 200, 500, 1,000, even 1,500 per cent.

Registration and an annual licence fee of £15 are stipulated by the Act. These provisions, too, are generally flouted by the harpies, who are rarely caught.

Secrecy is "Mrs. Wolf's" shield, and blackmail her best weapon. For the most part her victims are housewives who have originally borrowed small sums without their husbands' knowledge. The more heavily they become involved, the more terrified they are of discovery. The moneylender trades on that fear.

Some moving stories that emphasise the menace were told to John Bull by an East End of London missionary. A married woman debtor who finally came to her in distraction owed nearly £10 outstanding on a loan which was originally £1 18s., and on which over £5 had already been paid.

The debt was incurred through a very human failing with which every woman will sympathise. She had spent more on clothes for her three children than she could afford on her husband's wage of £3 10s. a week.

**A neighbour in whom she had confided introduced her to a "kind-hearted" woman two streets away, who agreed to advance £2, the terms being two shillings down and a shilling a week interest on each pound. The capital could be paid back in whatever instalments the woman could afford.**

The interest did not sound much, though in reality it was 5 per cent. *per week*, or 260 per cent. *per annum*. For a few weeks the interest was paid in full, but before long the payments fell behind. At the end of a year the moneylender demanded, under a variety of threats, the capital and the interest outstanding, amounting in all to £4 2s.

☆ ★ ☆

The victim could not possibly pay, even if she confessed to her husband. As a concession she was offered a new loan for the total of the debt, at the old rate of a shilling per week per pound. In desperation she signed, although she was now binding herself to meet interest charges of 520 per cent.

When she came to the missionary, she was being bullied into taking out another renewal, which would have represented 1,300 per cent. on the original £2 which she had spent on clothes for the kiddies. A few minutes' conversation between the missionary and the moneylender put an end to the transaction.

This instance is far from being the worst in the missionary's experience. Too often the borrower, owing her first recourse to the moneylender to less innocent causes, is blackmailed for years into paying incredible rates of interest.

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Secret drinking is one prolific cause, for the private bars of the public-houses are a happy hunting-ground for the woman moneylender and her touts. Another is gambling on "the Dogs." Many women have been brought to moral ruin through attempting to liquidate betting losses by "snowball" loans, and the loans by means that are even more disastrous.

But the most pitiable of all the victims is the woman whom stark need brings into the web of the by-street moneylender. Frequently the latter is a shopkeeper. Household debts are her basis of operations. A woman customer whose husband has been thrown out of work asks for groceries on credit.

She is willingly accommodated. At the end of a fortnight or so, she is tempted by the offer of a loan to meet her pressing debts, a first charge on which is, of course, the account for the groceries. The interest is extortionate, although it seems low enough when spoken of in terms of shillings a week.

Thereafter the poor borrower may be taxed weekly over a long period, in return for the extension of credit such as is afforded in the ordinary way by small shopkeepers to customers who are in temporary difficulties.

Possibly the most profitable activity of the small-sum moneylenders is in what the bankers call "short-term" loans—borrow on Wednesday: pay on Saturday. Generally the interest is a shilling on every five. Most of these loans are met promptly.

Since an astonishing number of poor women resort to this expedient "to see the old man over till the end of the week," sometimes with the "old man's" knowledge, sometimes without, there is a fat income, at little risk, to the "kind-hearted lady" round the corner.

Here the social evil of moneylending may not be so acute as with the "long-term" transactions, which bring such infinite misery in their train, but from whatever angle the problem is examined, it is obvious that legislation is urgent.

The Moneylenders Act of 1927 is virtually a dead letter, so wholesale are the evasions. There is a maximum penalty of £100 for lending money without a licence. For a second offence, three months' imprisonment may be added, and where a company is the offender the fine is up to £500.

**Mild as are the terms of the Act, some magistrates are even milder in enforcing it. At Durham a few weeks ago an unregistered woman moneylender who had been charging 1,000 per cent. was bound over!**

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But the glaring weakness of the Act is that there is no punishment for the biggest of all sins in moneylending, the charging of interest beyond the legal maximum of 48 per cent. A moneylender cannot sue for more than this amount, and if it has been paid, the borrower can sue for its recovery in the civil courts, but the police cannot prosecute.

The woman moneylender can afford to smile at that. Her victims are too ignorant to know the law, too scared to invoke it if they do, and too poor to take proceedings if they feel inclined.

Let there be jail for extortion, with a stiff term for the first offence if need be, and the shadow of the woman moneylender will vanish from the doorsteps of the poor!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Remember Thomas Parker—the Law that Must Go!

## Queen and the Poor Mother

## More Slavery at Sea

*The shadow of the police still hangs over the Thomas Parkers—Why?*

THERE is hope at last for the unluckiest people in Britain—hope that one of the most cruel of our bad old laws will no longer oppress the army of Thomas Parkers.

Do you remember the story of "Thomas Parker, Unknown Soldier," which we told in JOHN BULL nearly two years ago?

It is a story worth recalling at this moment because something is being done at last to wipe off the Statute Book for ever the monstrous law under which he was, and thousands like him still are, persecuted.

Thomas Parker was a man who, for serving his country only too well, was rewarded with death in a punishment cell at Winson Green Jail, Birmingham. For his services had made him penniless, and to be penniless can still be a crime in Britain.

### Breaking the law

True, as we related at the time of his death, Thomas Parker began breaking the law at an early age. In the Great War he enlisted under the legal age!

After fighting for his country he served for three years in the Grenadier Guards, at the end of which he found himself without a trade.

For some time he worked as a casual labourer, but May, 1933, found him tramping to Tamworth, in Staffordshire, in search of work with no money in his pocket.

### Arrest—and the sequel

When night fell he took shelter under a steam-roller, was arrested for sleeping out without visible means of support, and sent to jail for fourteen days.

He behaved badly in his cell. It seems that, like so many other people, he had a dread of confined spaces.

And for this bad behaviour he was lodged in a punishment cell, where he was found dead with a terrible wound in his head.

### Thousands like him

Such was the story of Thomas Parker, Unknown Soldier, who, like the Son of Man, "had no place to lay his head."

There are countless workless men who are still forced to endure the same terrible plight that resulted in Parker's death.

They are the victims of the Great Depression, having to seek work "without visible means of support" and thereby flouting the august majesty of the law.

If they find themselves at nightfall far from a casual ward and forced to sleep on the roadside, or in some barn or empty hut, they do so in fear of the police.

If they are caught, they will be sent to jail. The maximum penalty, indeed, is three months' hard labour!

### M.P. acts

We cannot blame the police or the magistrates. It is their duty to administer the law.

But we do blame the Home Secretary for allowing this monstrous relic of a bygone age to remain on the Statute Book for so long. It is true that, since the Parker case, he has promised once or twice to amend the law. But he has not done so.

It has been left to Brig.-Gen. Spears, M.P., to introduce a private Bill for this purpose, and to earn the thanks of us all.

### No delay!

The least that Sir John Gilmour can do to atone for his own neglect is to induce the Government to grant facilities for this Bill's passage into law without delay.

We are convinced that no M.P. will dare oppose so necessary and belated a reform.

On the contrary, we believe that every Member is as anxious as ourselves that the shadow of the police should be lifted from the great army of unfortunates who have neither money nor home.

### Money for nothing

We learn that the Government is planning a £2,000,000 loan to the cotton industry to enable it to scrap ten million spindles which are said to be surplus to requirements.

We already pay the Danes extra money not to send us bacon, the hop producers for abstaining from growing hops, and we fine farmers who wish to increase their crop of potatoes.

### Bad to worse

It is bad enough to give vested interests subsidies for doing things.

But putting money in their pockets for doing nothing, or for scrapping their plants and throwing men out of jobs, is surely the limit of absurdity.

### Should wives work?

Newcastle's Lord Mayor doesn't think it right that married women with husbands earning good money should compete with women who have no husbands and no jobs.

He has had the courage to write to firms employing married women telling them so, mentioning cases of wives working in offices and shops whose husbands' incomes are from £5 to £7 per week.

Generally speaking, we agree with his protest, but one thing must be remembered.

### Circumstances alter—

Not all households with such an income are living on a princely scale.

We know of many families overtaken by sickness and other domestic misfortunes who have to fight desperately to keep up appearances on incomes that at first appear large.

We certainly shouldn't deny the right of a wife in these circumstances to make some contribution to the family exchequer.

### Hoax by telephone

But we do wholly disagree with the M.P.s who describe as too harsh the proposal that people who misuse the telephone should be fined up to £10 or imprisoned for one month.

Consider the 'phone hoaxer in North London who has just played the worst of his many idiotic jests by calling out a doctor to a fictitious accident.

A month in jail would be all too little for that crazy rascal.

### No excuse

Almost as silly are the students in ten different towns who have been holding up traffic, stealing road signs, erecting fake beacons and in many cases endangering lives of motorists and pedestrians alike.

We can't have a third chamber, composed of students, to have the last word on legislation.

Too often they are forgiven because they are "so young," without any excuse being made for humbler youths who show a similar folly.

### The Queen's gift

Much more sensible and kindly is the Queen's attitude to humble folk.

Hearing of a London woman living with her two children in an upstairs flat and being forbidden to leave a perambulator in the passage, the Queen at once gave orders that a folding pram should be sent to her.

So at least one harassed mother should be happier.

### Saving pounds

We are glad the L.C.C. is starting to fit all its hospitals with special isolation wards, so that the danger of a patient admitted with one disease catching another will disappear.

Somebody is sure to call it waste. But some folk look so carefully at the pence that they can't see how to save the pounds.

### The moral

"The happiest man in the world" Sergeant Allen Nicholls, an Old Contemptible, calls himself. He is blind. He is armless. He has only one lung and has been operated on nineteen times. Yet he doesn't want pity.

Think of Sergeant Nicholls the next time some small thing goes wrong!

### Robbed of their rights

But we must pity the people who are deprived of their old-age pensions because of official regulations.

One man, employed by a Scottish town council since 1916, did not have his card stamped until 1933, when he was already sixty-five, his employers being fined for the omission.

As the necessary number of contributions had not been paid at the proper time, he is deprived of his pension.

The authorities are perfectly right according to the regulations, but it's a poor rule that makes a man suffer for the misdeeds of his employers.

### Slave ships

Another old evil that should be remedied is the slavery that exists in certain British ships. Some vessels which proudly fly the Red Ensign employ only two officers, who take watches in turn. Each man is therefore compelled to work a minimum of eighty-four hours a week. Some we know must be on duty for as much as 104 hours!

Not satisfied with this, grasping shipowners are cutting down wages to the bone.

How much longer must we wait before hours and wages at sea are properly regulated?

### Rate hardships

We cannot admire the Chelmsford Rural District Council for summoning fifty residents for non-payment of rates. Among those defaulters was a blind man, with wife and two young children, who must try to live on 10s. a week.

Another was a man who has been out of work for two years and has a wife and eight children.

How can such people possibly pay, and why should they be humiliated in public by appearing in court just because they are down on their luck?

### Good and bad

But we do admire the magistrates of Rugby juvenile court for defraying the expenses of a poor woman whose sons were charged with theft.

Yet the Bridgnorth Bench, having before them a poor wretch whose troubles had led him to attempt suicide, increased his worries by ordering him to pay 46s. 6d.

Some administrators of the law don't seem to be able to put themselves in the place of the unlucky people who appear in the dock.

### Terrible reminder

The sad fate of a Gloucestershire man, John Sidney Willis, is another reminder of the terrible aftermath of war.

Driven out of his mind by insomnia as a result of old war wounds, Willis rose from his bed in the middle of the night and drowned himself. The coroner's jury recommended that his aged mother, with whom he lived, be granted a war pension.

That is the very least which can be expected of a country for which both mother and son suffered so much.

### Safe in Sing-Sing

We note with some satisfaction that Capt. Ivan Poderjay, the Continental adventurer first exposed in JOHN BULL, has been sentenced to from two and a half to five years in Sing-Sing Jail, U.S.A., for bigamy.

No trace of the woman lawyer he bigamously married has been found.

"In my judgment the defendant should be before the court on another charge," remarked the judge in pronouncing sentence.

### Tricky chicks

Because it is now possible to tell the sex of a day-old chick, a new and profitable trick is being worked on poultry-keepers.

Briefly, young cockerels are being sold cheaply as "pullets," and the buyer gets a shock when he finds that all the chickens are growing combs. One trickster, we are informed, makes as much as £40 a week by the dodge.

Poultry-keepers who are offered cheap chicks should ask for a reasonable guarantee.

*The Fragrant Minute*

## JUST A HINT

*YES, it's right to count your blessings with a full and grateful heart, but not so very loudly as to make another smart. By grace of God you now enjoy some things your neighbours don't possess; and, being grateful, you will wish to share with them your happiness.*

*You will not seem to pity them by boastful words of what you own. But rather will you want to say, "I can't enjoy them all alone. So won't you, please, my neighbours, be friends and come to tea? I'm sure you know so many things of interest to me.*

*"And, after all, what's furniture, or this nice thing or that? An armchair has no handclasp, a sideboard cannot chat. And though I love my little home, I love my neighbours even more. So bring the riches of your hearts, and step through my front door."*

**Wilhelmina Stitch.**

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**Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.**

*"Each time an execution has taken place I have repeated my vow to end capital punishment." Crowds read an execution notice outside Pentonville Jail, where Mrs. van der Elst held a demonstration.*

# LEGAL MURDER— *It Brands Us All!*

says

## Mrs. Violet Van Der Elst

*the wealthy business woman who is devoting her fortune to a crusade for the abolition of capital punishment*

THE other day I organised a demonstration outside Pentonville Prison. I went there to protest against what I do not hesitate to call a legal murder which was taking place on the other side of those forbidding walls, against a horror done in your name and mine.

Our demonstration did not prevent the execution, but it marked the opening of a crusade which I and those who are supporting me intend to carry on throughout the length and breadth of Britain.

I have faith that we shall succeed before another year has passed in bringing about the abolition of capital punishment in this country. We are far from being "cranks." Indeed, I am certain that the vast majority of the public are in sympathy with us.

For a long time humanitarians have been pressing for the end of the death penalty. Their methods have been peaceful, and they have achieved nothing. Five years ago a Select Committee enquired into the subject. It recommended the suspension of capital punishment for an experimental period of five years.

Parliament shelved the report. Why? Because there was no movement sufficiently vigorous to insist that it should be put into effect.

Women would never have been given the vote but for the early agitation of the Suffragettes. And, in my view, the blot of what I call legal murder will not be wiped out unless we are prepared to borrow some at least of the Suffragette tactics. That is what I am doing. I have resources. It has been stated in the newspapers that I am wealthy. I do not deny it. I am a business woman and I have been successful. The extent of my fortune need not be disclosed, but I am prepared to spend a large part of it in my campaign.

Some wealthy people believe in leaving their money to charity. I believe in spending some of mine while I am alive. Then I know what is happening to it. Many of my friends are asking why I should waste my time, my strength and my money on a cause from which I have nothing to gain, and which will no doubt bring me enmity and abuse, as well as sympathy.

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I HAVE to go back twenty years to find the answer. As a girl I read the story of a murder trial in the newspapers. An unemployed man with a family of seven was charged with the murder of the youngest, an infant.

While the mother was out of the room the baby turned over in its bath, and the father, so it was said, desperate with the prospect of starvation for his children, allowed it to drown.

That man was hanged. The horror and tragedy of his end burned into my mind. Like Abraham Lincoln, when as a youth he saw for the first time slaves being bought and sold, and swore to end the traffic, I vowed that if ever I had the opportunity I would fight with my last breath to end capital punishment.

Each time an execution has taken place since then I have repeated my vow.

The case against the hanging of men and women, even for the awful crime of murder, is unanswerable, for the fear of the hangman is never a deterrent. Broadly, there are three types of murderers—the insane, the "passionate" (for want of a better term) and the deliberate.

The last class, for whose execution some justification might be found, since they are cold-hearted and wicked, are by far the fewest. They are possibly about five per cent. of the total, when we allow for those who, accused and condemned to death, have really been innocent.

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NOW criminologists are all agreed that this type of murderer never conceive that they will be found out. They have a rooted belief in their own cleverness. So that if we added the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition to the death penalty they would still commit crimes.

As for the "passionate" murderers, those who kill in a moment of frenzy induced by drink or the stress of the emotions, it is quite obvious that the price that must be paid is one that is never reckoned in their frenzied minds. What good does hanging do them or us, and what evil does it prevent?

Then there are the insane. I estimate from figures taken over several years that of all the murderers known to the police, about forty-four per cent. commit suicide while insane, temporarily or permanently. Another thirty per cent. are found after arrest to be insane according to the legal definition of insanity, and are therefore unfit to plead. How can fear of the scaffold deter such poor wretches from taking life?

That leaves twenty-six per cent. who are assumed to be sane. About a third of these are afterwards reprieved, frequently for mental reasons, and eighteen per cent. are actually hanged. How many of these are really sane? The present legal definition of insanity dates back to 1843. It is time that it was revised in the light of modern psychological research.

Added to all this, there is the awful risk that, while capital punishment remains, innocent men and women are sent to their death.

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SOME few years ago the Home Office declared, through the late Lord Brentford, when he was Home Secretary, that there was no suspicion in their minds that one single innocent man had been hanged in the last forty years!

The public does not believe this. It knows that Oscar Slater was innocent, but spent eighteen years in jail, none the less.

Because there was a *slight* doubt in the minds of the authorities he was not hanged. And because he was not hanged the agitation continued for his release.

Had he died the question of his possible innocence would have been a matter of academic discussion only. There would have been no agitation, and the officials would have had "no suspicion in their minds" that a man had been hanged to save the face of the police.

The Select Committee of 1930 had the gravest fears that innocent men and women may quite easily go to the scaffold. It declared in its report: "The risk of a man being sentenced to death and hanged wrongly is a risk which is sufficiently serious to provide a very strong argument against capital punishment, unless the arguments in favour of its continuance are overwhelming."

(The late Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, K.C., once said to me of the woman who figured in the famous murder case a few years ago: "A terrible crime has been done in hanging Mrs. Thompson. She is as innocent as you or I.")

We know what the arguments in favour of capital punishment are. They are the same now as at the beginning of last century, when there were more than 200 capital offences. In 1810 the Chief Justice of the day fought tooth and nail to retain the death penalty for "stealing five shillings from a dwelling-house." He thought it was a deterrent: yet as each crime was removed from the list of capital offences it declined.

In eleven European countries, as well as in a number of North and South American states, capital punishment has either been abolished or abrogated by disuse. In none of these countries has there been an increase in murder; in most there has been a steady decline.

Comparative figures are difficult to obtain, for each of the countries affected had different crimes on their list of capital offences.

But twenty years after the abolition of the death penalty in Norway the chief of the Norwegian Prison Administration stated that the number of persons convicted of murder had "diminished considerably."

Reports from the prison chiefs of Sweden and Belgium were in similar terms.

The experience of Denmark, where there has been no execution since 1892, and Holland, where the death penalty was abolished in 1870, is that there has been no increase in the number of homicides.

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ARE we British people of a lower type than the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians or any of the other eleven European races from whom the "deterrent" of hanging has been removed, that we cannot be trusted? Why should we retain this barbarous horror in our legal system which so many of the others have long since discarded?

We are the most humane and enlightened people on earth in all respects except this one—that we suffer this ghastly survival of the scaffold which, seeking to expiate one life, makes murderers of us all.

# BAFFLING QUEST FOR THE DIAMONDS

ONE day it may really happen! The great secret discovered — the laboratory process to reproduce the unlimited treasury of Nature—the infallible fortune-maker ripe for development.

Synthetic diamonds, the equal in appearance and properties of the finest products of the mines!

For the best part of a century scientists and chemists, working quietly and behind locked doors, have been following the fascinating trail of the artificial, *real* diamond.

They believe that diamonds *can* be made in an electrical retort, but the problem has been always to produce gems of any practical size and in commercial quantities. In the researches of the past there has always been a snag somewhere. The experimenters have failed, on some essential or other, in their struggle to compete with Nature.

But the question stands out, awaiting answer: Will failure always be the end of scientific research, or has the great secret really been discovered?

Just lately there has been a fresh turmoil over this Hatton Garden rainbow. With impressive newspaper headlines the announcement has been published that an elderly jeweller has succeeded in perfecting the home-made diamond.

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THE intriguing story is to the effect that for more than forty years the jeweller has been trying with infinite patience to "hatch" diamonds by a process of his own devising. At long last, it is said, his efforts have been rewarded.

Now, hidden in a laboratory, guarded day and night, he is manufacturing the glittering stones in marketable quantities, to the infinite perturbation of the mining syndicates and the London diamond merchants.

So exact is the invention that a diamond worth £100 can be imitated for £15: a gem valued at £5,000 for £70.

That, at least, is the report, and only time can show what is the truth of such statements.

Merchants who deal in real diamonds are always sceptical over synthetic products. They reply to the scientists that although stones *may* be manufactured, beautifully cut and polished by a master craftsman, yet the expert will always be able to detect them as imitations. Therefore the true diamond will hold its position unassailed.

No imagination is needed to appreciate the tremendous issues at stake if synthetic diamonds are ever placed on the markets of the world, so perfect in character that they deceive the best experts—factory diamonds which when mixed with a handful of real diamonds cannot be picked out from their natural fellows.

Immediately the whole diamond industry would become incredibly dislocated. There would be no foundation in the diamond markets of London, Paris, Amsterdam and New York. The value of £600,000,000 worth of diamonds in stock and in private possession would sink by an immeasurable proportion.

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THE effect on the world and its estimate of values would be almost as great as though an alchemist had found the Philosopher's Stone and base metals could be converted into precious gold.

If one day it really happened, such figures as these, for example, would become meaningless: The average stock of diamonds held in London is worth £10,000,000; a similar valuation is given to the stock in New York, while the unreleased store of diamonds in the treasure houses of Kimberley, South Africa, are reported to be equal to £20,000,000.

Only a few persons actually know the value of diamonds gathered from the mines and awaiting issue—as public demand calls for them—to the world's salerooms. The published statements of the great De Beers diamond companies never disclose this secret of stored diamonds. The annual returns of the syndicate simply show the stock of diamonds at a nominal figure of £1.

Above and beyond the value of the mined diamonds in circulation and held in reserve is the incalculable value of the South African mines and the £12,000,000 of shareholders' money invested in the mines.

Small wonder, therefore, that millionaire magnates and merchants may become uneasy when the news of synthetic diamonds blazes across the publicity horizon.

There is a general idea among the British diamond-dealers that—because of the enormous properties at stake—no truly deceptive synthetic stone will ever be permitted a free sale.

Payment will be given the inventor on behalf of a syndicate, and afterwards the process of diamond manufacture will conveniently disappear. The mine owners and the wholesale traders in precious stones could not possibly afford to allow "home-made" diamonds to materialise.

Scares and rumours have upset the diamond and share market in the past, but never with any prolonged effect. The most successful, from the money-making point of view, of all the synthetic diamond-makers was the little volatile, voluble Frenchman, M. Henri Lemoine.

He was a conjurer in diamonds, to such good purpose that he extracted no less than £64,000 from Sir Julius Wernher, then the chief figure in the De Beers Diamond Mines, on contracts to manufacture the stones.

What actually happened was that the Frenchman bluffed the experts in London and Paris, and gathered the fruits of the most gigantic confidence trick ever played.

For the first time we record the inner history of this mammoth swindle—a classic of its kind.

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HENRI LEMOINE was an electrical engineer by profession and a chemist in his hobbies; a man of convincing, plausible argument and persuasive personality. As a result of a test in London he certainly did convince Sir Julius Wernher that diamonds could be made in reasonable quantities and at comparatively slight cost.

Other experiments followed in Paris at a small workshop which Lemoine rented in Montmartre. Here certain pulverised chemicals were placed in a round crucible of carbon and inserted in an electrical furnace.

The crucible was baked in the intensely hot furnace for a period of about thirty minutes, and—on being extracted from the furnace—cooled by a jet of water.

When opened the crucible was found to contain diamonds in a mass of crystallised matter.

They *were* diamonds without question; so exact and so brilliant that experts even went to the length of saying that they would purchase any quantity of similar stones.

It seemed that Henri Lemoine had solved the secret. So he was given his contract and paid his money by Sir Julius Wernher.

Difficulties, however, arose when Lemoine was set down to produce diamonds to order. He failed to deliver the goods. Police enquiries were made about him, and he was arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

When released on bail he fled, and for nearly a year was in hiding. Then he was caught again and eventually received a sentence of six years' imprisonment.

There was always a great mystery as to how Lemoine actually *made* his diamonds. He deceived everybody at the tests, and at one of these manufacturing trials "people so distinguished and important that their names dare not be mentioned" were present.

Really, Lemoine was an exceptionally clever conjurer, as well as the world's best confidence trickster. By sleight-of-hand manipulations he introduced real diamonds into the crucible at the outset of the experiments, and so, *quite naturally*, real diamonds were found at the end.

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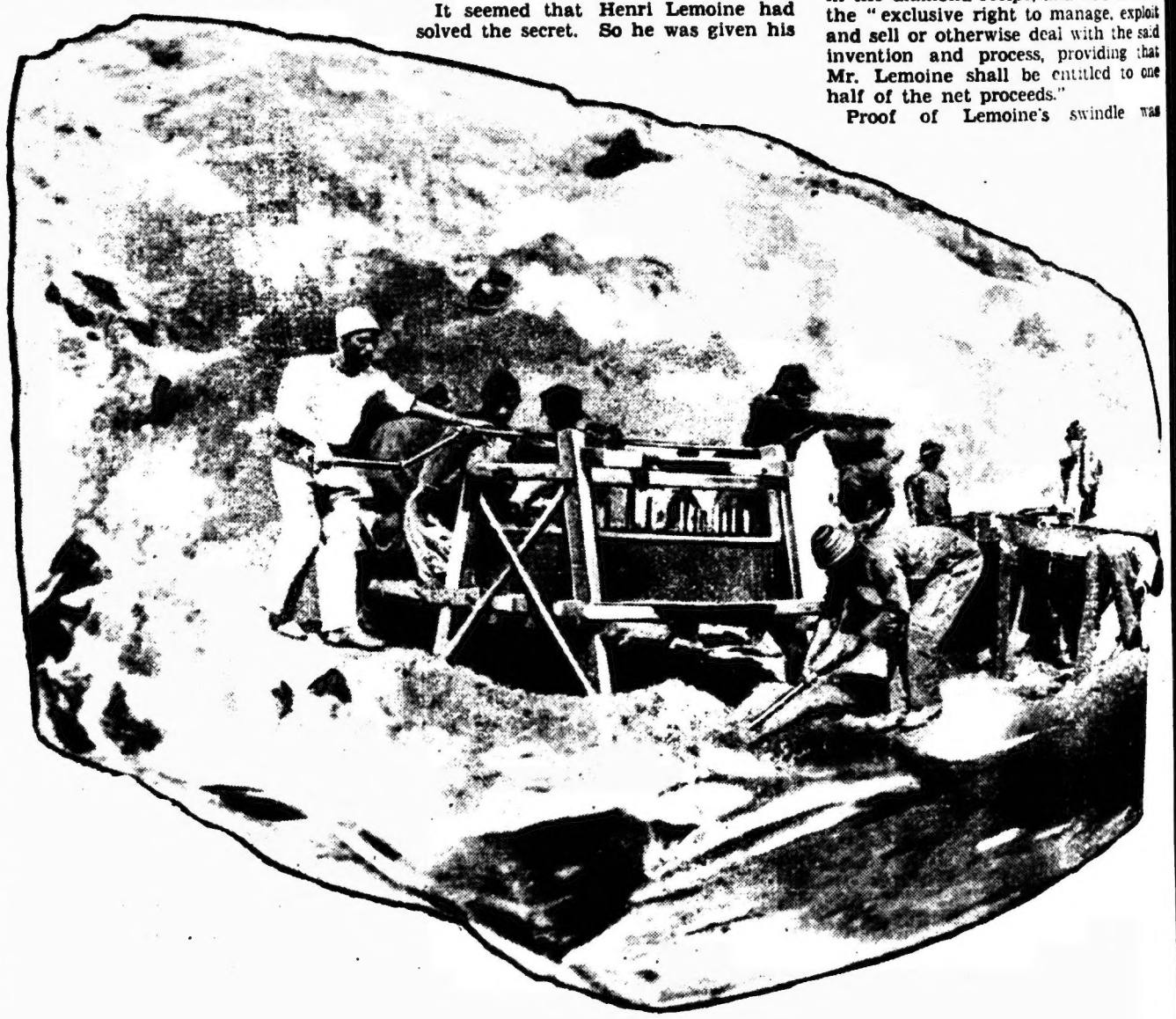
ANOTHER influential Englishman whom Lemoine "spoofed" out of money on account of synthetic diamonds was Mr. Edgar Cohen, founder of Harrods stores and the father of the London taxicab industry.

Long before Lemoine victimised Sir Julius Wernher, of De Beers, Mr. Edgar Cohen purchased a 50 per cent. share in the diamond recipe, and was to have the "exclusive right to manage, exploit and sell or otherwise deal with the said invention and process, providing that Mr. Lemoine shall be entitled to one half of the net proceeds."

Proof of Lemoine's swindle was



# SECRET NO MONEY CAN BUY

# by the TON!

Man with a secret. Mr. Victor Jourado, who has discovered a scientist who claims to manufacture synthetic diamonds of impressive appearance.

ured beyond all reasonable doubt hen a Paris examining magistrate ened, with due formality and in the esence of many witnesses, the mond-making formula of the in- tor. This document had been de- ited, under seal, in the safe of a Paris nk.

When the magistrate read the won- rful formula, he burst into a roar of ughter, for the paper read:—

"Take a furnace. Insert some pure rbon crystals. Subject to severe heat d extreme pressure. Diamonds will be e result."

Good reward, £64,000 for a bogus mond-making secret, but it shows at can be done in the way of a con- dence trick when millions of money e affected on the other side. Henri moine was certainly an *inventive* nius, if not an inventor.

Another extensive artificial diamond aud was operated in Czecho-Slovakia few years ago.

A large number of people in Prague ested considerable sums of money in company which was supposed to have ured the rights of a process by which mparatively valueless yellow diamonds uld be converted into clear, sparkling ite stones.

The leader of this swindle was a mys- ious "Dr. Harris," of Chicago, who s supposed to be visiting Prague on tour of inspection of university and ucational establishments.

"Dr. Harris"—like Lemoine—gave ective demonstrations of his process. e did produce white diamonds to the tisfaction of the onlookers and to his n satisfaction when the money for s company was forthcoming.

Later "Dr. Harris" of Chicago and his arep ching colleagues disappeared m Prague, and nothing more has er been heard of the "Harris Diamond nversion Company." Yet a further rious effort to manufacture dia- nds emanated from Germany in 1920.

This German method was declared to be an improved and modernised adaptation of the experiments carried out by Professor Lummer, of Breslau, in the liquefaction and crystallisation of pure carbon.

A factory with elaborate plant was to be established near Hamburg, with an output in diamonds of 3,000 *carats a day*, and the British diamond mine monopoly was to be broken.

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TO realise what this promised output would have meant, one must remember that the Cullinan diamond—the largest diamond ever mined—weighed 3,000 carats in its rough and uncut state, and that an ordinary large commercial diamond weighs between twenty and thirty carats.

But diamonds made in Germany at the Hamburg works are still awaiting production, after fourteen years. The whole project failed dismally.

One of the most interesting of the English diamond-makers in the past was a Middlesex carpenter by the name of Mears, who lived in a cottage home at Ashford, on the road to Staines. While wood-working was his trade, chemistry was his spare-time occupation, and he owned a small laboratory in his garden.

Here the carpenter manufactured diamonds from sugar—or at least he said so, and he showed the results of his experiments. Any kind of sugar—caster, lump or brown—would do for the production of diamonds, according to Mears, and he had in his possession a stock of about eighty diamonds, sufficiently sizeable to be cut and polished.

Unfortunately, neither the scientists nor the diamond-dealers took the carpenter experimenter at his own valuation, and after a spell of newspaper limelight he just faded out.

Fortunes have been lost in the serious, well-organised endeavours to manufacture synthetic diamonds in this country.

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SIR CHARLES PARSONS, the inventor of the steam turbine, and a man of international reputation, confessed at a meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society at Hanover Square, London, in 1924, that he had given twenty years of his life to diamond-production experiments and had expended more than £20,000 in so doing.

"I have arrived at the conclusion," said he, "that no one has ever made a diamond."

Yet, according to reliable records, M. Moissan, the notable French professor, undoubtedly did make diamonds by a chemical process. Moissan used a mixture of the following parts: 30 per cent. iron, 55 per cent. boron, and 15 per cent. animal charcoal.

Subjected to heat and pressure this compound resolved into minute pin-head particles, which gave all the reactions of natural earth-born diamonds. The experiments were checked and checked again at the Academy of Science in Paris. The results were unquestioned at the time.

So what is the truth? Is the late Sir Charles Parsons correct when he declares "No one has ever made a diamond," and leaves the inference that no person ever will?

Or will the elusive riddle be read one day, and then will the diamond markets crash into chaos, or what will happen? It is an alluring subject of speculative thought and argument.

Meanwhile, the little diamond fakers will continue to ply their confidence-trickster trade. Just like the gang of alien crooks, headed by a fellow named Jacob Bercovitch, who last year were punished by imprisonment at Newcastle-on-Tyne for passing off so-called artificial diamonds as real stones.

Up and down the country Jacob Bercovitch, and his various confederates, worked the diamond sales "racket," at Brighton, Leeds, Gateshead and in Scotland, before they were caught and sent to jail.

Remarkable evidence was given before the court concerning Bercovitch. It was stated by a police witness that Bercovitch, who was ostensibly a tailor, living in Stoke Newington, London, was a member of a gang of international thieves specialising in obtaining money by fraud. The diamond swindle was just one of their methods.

Another activity was in overcoming passport difficulties, and creating doubts as to identity. Through these efforts a number of alien criminals had managed to enter this country.

The two other men convicted with Bercovitch were Franz Ephraim Oberman, a Greek from Paris, and Mayer Simon Achenbaum, a Polish subject, who came from Brussels.

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TOGETHER they victimised a Newcastle draper, inducing him to buy diamonds which were supposed to have come from Russia. Later it was discovered that all these "diamonds" were bogus.

Crime as well as romance lies in the amazing story of the synthetic diamond.

The Cullinan, world's most famous diamond. Superimposed, you see prospectors at work, always hoping for another such find

## THE HUMAN MACHINE

# ELEMENT of CHANCE

*MANY people are fond of saying that Life is a gamble. Like most easy generalisations, it isn't true. It isn't even half true. But it contains just a little truth, and that's why it's a dangerous point of view unless we clearly understand it.*

*Amid the crowded, busy and complicated set of circumstances in which we live, there's bound, always, to be an element of chance in everything we do. But that's no reason for making Chance our goddess and waiting, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. Hard work and brains and faith in ourselves are still the main signposts to what we want.*

*We must keep a sane attitude towards this element of luck that is always apt to intrude to upset or to help on our plans. If it's fatal to depend on it, it's equally fatal to be blind to its possibilities.*

*Luck may always prove to have been a silent partner in our undertakings: but no one but a fool would invite her to be an active partner. The sane attitude is to rely on ourselves, but to keep our eyes wide open and be ready to take full advantage of any piece of luck that happens along.*

*It's the old story. You can create opportunities and chances. You can also train yourself to recognise opportunities and chances when you run into them. Mostly, what people call "luck" is a combination of judgment and the possession of enough moral courage to enable us to take a chance.*

*To recognise that luck has a part in the game is to cultivate a sound philosophic attitude towards Life. But to make a cult of luck is merely to confess yourself shiftless and lazy.*

*Don't wait for something to turn up. Go out and turn it up. But if something does happen to turn up—grab it before it has time to get away!*

# What BUSH-SUPERHETS

## mean to owners of BATTERY RADIO

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**A Bush Superhet** means when listening to a distant programme there is no chance of its being blotted out by your local station. Or if you want your local station you can hear it in peace.

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Address.....

..... J.B.

# YOU'VE *put* WOMEN *on the* RACING MAP

## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Miss Dorothy PAGET

DEAR MISS PAGET,—I hope that this week your wonderful horse, Golden Miller, will win the Grand National for the second year in succession and thus perform a feat without equal since the time of the Franco-Prussian War.

While Golden Miller belongs to you, as many triumphs have been so applauded by millions of British people of both sexes that they regard "The Miller" as almost a national possession.

I admire you because you are one of those few very successful owners who, almost hiding themselves from the public gaze, do not behave, after a big victory as one of their horses, as though they had done it all themselves.

I remember a very rich owner who, after winning a big race not many years ago, gave a very big party and really talked and thought so much as though he had done it all himself, that someone sent him a telegram. "Congratulations on your wonderful win with a horse bred by somebody else, trained by somebody else, ridden by somebody else and bought with your father's money."

You, on the other hand, behave with such modesty that you are, in fact, no more to the public than a name and a shadow.

You love horses, especially Golden Miller. You are content with that.

I am always surprised, whenever I see in newspapers such headlines as "Woman's Chance in the Derby," which would seem to make out that a woman was really going to do it, when, of course, the truth is that all she has done is to buy luckily a racehorse at some yearling sale or acquired it later, when it looked like becoming a big winner. Leading headlines of this kind some women owners grow to believe that really without them the horses would not be anything much.

Yet you, above all other women, have put your sex on the racing map.

In Golden Miller you possess one of those equine idols which the masses love to set up for worship once in a generation and so heavily has your horse been backed that experts tell me that, if Golden Miller wins again at Aintree this week, it will cost them £7,000,000!

I do not know where these figures come from. I so often read "Heavy Blow to the Ring," and things like that, that I wonder how it is, if they pay out so much, the bookmakers can afford to smoke the biggest cigars and drive home in the biggest cars, whereas the backers so often have to walk.

Well, whether Golden Miller wins or loses this year, you will not be one whit less a figure of popular interest and speculation than you were before. Even if your horses were beaten and you afterwards walked across the course, you would be acclaimed as no woman owner on the Turf has ever been, for, although they never see you, the general public join you and Golden Miller together in their thoughts.

Yet the odds are a million to one that, both before and after the great race, you will be in hiding. While Golden Miller has this season been going on from success to success, attracting to racecourses vast multitudes of people who have gone to see him and him only, you have preferred to stay away. Only because your closest friends urged you, did you even go to Cheltenham, the Ascot of steeplechasing, a few days ago, so that you could see "The Miller" win the Gold Cup for the fourth year in succession. It was a performance the like of which steeplechasing has never known.

Never in the whole history of this great festival of the National Hunt had anything like so many people gathered. They were there merely to cheer you and your champion. But you did not appear until a few minutes before the race. Then, wearing the plainest of tweeds, you led in your wonderful winner with your head cast down and your arm raised to shield yourself from the public gaze. A few minutes later you actually sent out Lord Queenborough, your father, to acknowledge the cheers.

The urgent demand for your appearance on such occasions like these is not inspired by curiosity, but by a sincere desire to pay tribute to a sportswoman who, again and again, takes defeat with unconquerable spirit, makes ever greater efforts to win and seeks reward not in finance, but in achievement.

As part inheritor of the Whitney millions you have, of course, vast resources to carry on. At the public sales, for instance, you will, with a nod of the head or a lift of the finger, buy one baby racehorse for a sum the interest alone on which would maintain, at present standards, three working-class families.

If you were less of a "sportsman," this might give cause to criticism. But, people, women especially, admire your courage. They follow your colours through thick and thin. Two years ago you provided one of the Derby sensations of the century when, only a few minutes before the start of the race, one of your worst horses, Tuppence, was rushed almost into favouritism from its previous price of something like 200 to 1.

The story of that amazing betting stampede has never before been told. If Tuppence had won the Derby, the women of Britain would, they say, have made three-fourths of the bookmakers bankrupt.

On the morning of Derby Day the housewives of the country, with astonishing unanimity, gave their shillings and half-crowns to their milkmen and butchers to invest on your horse. The money reached the bookmakers' offices in such a colossal aggregate that, in sheer panic, they had it sent to the course by telephone. When it flowed in there, at the last minute, in hundreds of thousands of pounds, it was no wonder that the market tumbled and fell to pieces

It will be the same this week with Golden Miller, who is being called upon to make the greatest performance of his brilliant career.

Mathematically, Golden Miller has a seemingly impossible task. Yet the bookmakers believe that he will succeed. The arithmetics of racing says plainly, for example, that Golden Miller cannot concede weight to the half-bred horse, Thomond II, which belongs to your cousin, Mr. "Jock" Whitney, and, even more so, it declares that he cannot give the abnormal allowance of 28 lb. to the French-bred Tapinois.

If, in face of all the laws of handicapping, Golden Miller does triumph again, he will not only become the horse of the century, but will prove himself to be the greatest all-round steeplechaser in the whole history of the Turf.

We all love the best horses to win. And we love to see the most sporting owner to triumph.

That is why I salute Golden Miller—and you—and wish you both victory.

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**...e BRITISH LEGION,**
***...ighton***

GENTLEMEN,—You will soon be welcoming a party of German ex-Servicemen, who have accepted your invitation to visit Brighton. But I wish they were coming with full authority to act as diplomats.

An M.P. has just said that he would rather trust a delegation from the British Legion to meet ex-combatants from other countries to draw up a treaty than the world's statesmen.

So would all other sensible people.

JOHN BULL.

**...rd HAILSHAM,**
***...inister for War***

MY LORD,—Aldershot must be the biggest garrison in the Kingdom, yet when a colonel tried to get a doctor for his dying cook whose apron had caught light he could not get one for an hour. Surely medical facilities could be improved to the standard of some of our smaller villages!

JOHN BULL.

**...v. G. H. DYMOCK,**
***... Bede's, Bristol***

REV. SIR,—What was it your Master said about peace?

I ask because you refer to clergymen who broadcast peace messages as "most contemptible," and their talks as "the celestial croonings of official religion."

You favour a "will to power" among people. So did the Kaiser. Christ never did.

JOHN BULL.

**... ARNOLD WILSON, M.P.,**
***...uch Hadham, Herts***

DEAR SIR ARNOLD,—You are very modest about your offer of a blood transfusion to a political opponent who was ill, but I shouldn't like your chivalry to pass unnoticed.

As a member of the London Transfusion Service, you have already given your blood about twenty times. You make light of it and say it gives you a feeling of fitness.

That may be. One thing is sure—the invalids you have helped have now got some good blood in their veins.

JOHN BULL.

**MABEL EMMA McINTOSH,**
***Bishopston, Bristol***

ROGUE,—You robbed an old bedridden woman at the home where you worked as a nurse, thus bringing disgrace upon a noble profession. Because you didn't want her spectacles you threw them down the sink.

Do you realise that a fine of £1 was exceptionally lenient? I should have sent you to jail.

JOHN BULL.

**Lord HALIFAX,**
***President, Board of Education***

DEAR LORD HALIFAX,—In a few days time, when a delegation of teachers calls upon you to discuss the restoration of wage cuts, you will have a fine opportunity of proving that Britain is on the road to recovery.

Your colleagues are always telling us so. Well, it can best be proved by ending the panic measures of 1931.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. E. W. TOZER,**
***Drapers' Chamber of Trade***

DEAR SIR,—The treatment by many employers of young people entering the drapery trade is, you say, "utterly deplorable." They receive no training, have not even a week's security, and are fairly certain to be sacked at the age of sixty. So the Kipps of to-day are no luckier than when Mr. H. G. Wells was one of them!

If this is true, instead of "deplorable" why not use the word "damnable"? It seems to fit the case better.

JOHN BULL.

**SALE EDUCATION COMMITTEE,**
***Cheshire***

DEAR SIRS,—"Flog 'em" is the only remedy you suggest for the increase in juvenile crime.

Can you tell me how that will save a single boy from idleness, which every thinking person will tell you is the root cause of it all?

Do some thinking. You *are* an education authority, you know.

JOHN BULL.

**Canon HAROLD ANSON,**
***Master of the Temple, London***

REVEREND SIR,—I share your conviction that no case of organic disease is cured by faith-healing.

There is a renewed wave of enthusiasm for so-called healing by ministers of religion, and so many believers must be condemned to disappointment that I welcome your warning.

JOHN BULL.

**WALTER HOWLAND,**
***Totteridge***

DEAR WALTER,—Look after that girl you are going to marry. She's a treasure.

If she hadn't forgiven you for stealing her bank-book and forging her name there's no knowing what might have happened.

As it is, the Bench let you go free—free to marry a girl in a thousand.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. DAVID MORGAN DAVIES,**
***Hatch End, Middlesex***

DEAR SIR,—No doubt your wife was pleased when you kissed her while driving your car—even though it only lasted a second.

But in that second, the police alleged, the car swerved five feet, so you were summoned.

When next you feel the urge to display a husband's gallantry at the wheel, pull up before yielding to that excellent emotion.

JOHN BULL.

**GRACE and WILLIAM BENNETT,**
***Minster, Sheppey***

PARENTS,—I don't suppose the cells in which you will spend the next two months will be as small as the cupboard in which you locked your three-year-old daughter, but they'll do.

Nor will prison officials inflict bruises on your jaws, necks and bodies as you did on her

Nature doesn't often make mistakes. But it did when it blessed you with a child.

JOHN BULL.

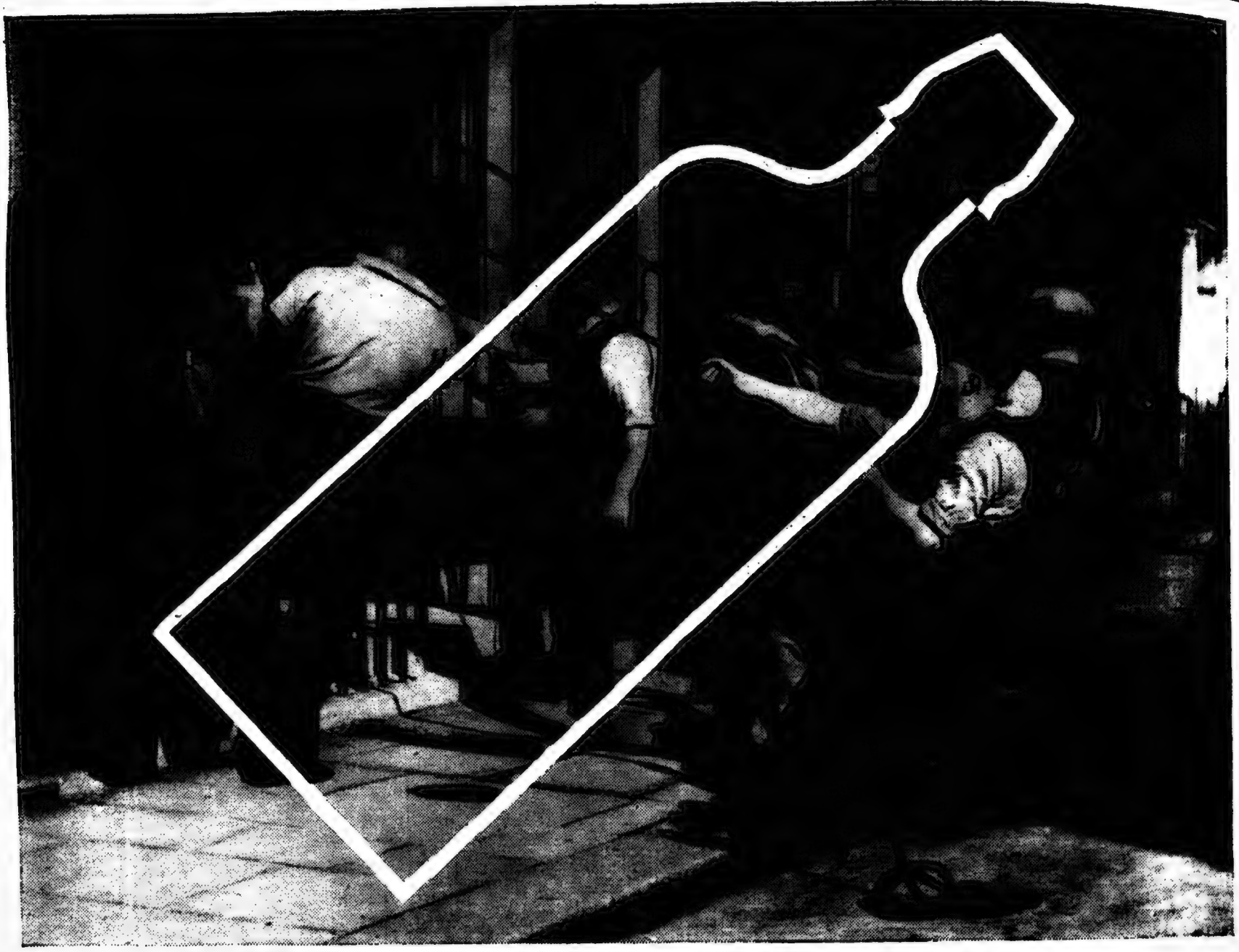
**Mr. CHARLES HUSSEY, Croydon: Magistrate aged 91, you scorn to use safety crossings. Time you set youngsters better example.—JOHN BULL.**

**Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,**
***Postmaster-General***

DEAR SIR,—Of course it's a mistake to regard the telegram as conveying only bad news and sporting results.

But don't forget that the bet so optimistically made by wire can depress the sender when the race has been run.

JOHN BULL.



They make light of lifting a ton weight—but a common cold will lay them low. On no account can they afford to take chances with health and stamina; so whenever they are taken ill they call in at Boots with the doctor's prescription and leave the rest to Boots dispensers. They do not know or care that Boots make up nearly 6,000,000 prescriptions every year, but they both know and care that their prescriptions receive the same speedy attention that a Harley Street specialist would expect. Boots dispensers work to Boots own standards, stricter than the law requires; Boots drugs are subject to a system of rigorous control which ensures their freshness. Next time the doctor gives *you* a prescription . . .

**GET IT MADE UP AT** The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham

CVB—57

# LET Cheerfulness BREAK IN!

by A. G. Gardiner

THERE is no more delightful incident in Boswell's "Johnson" than the story of the Doctor's meeting with his schoolfellow, Edwards, whom he had not seen for fifty years. Johnson was coming from St. Clement's Church in the Strand when he met Edwards, who recognised him, and in the course of conversation made the remark which is immortal.

"You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson," he said. "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but, I don't know how, *cheerfulness was always breaking in.*"

Boswell thought that Edwards was a simpleton, but Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he told the incident, said the remark revealed "an exquisite trait of character."

IT is a trait we need to cultivate more than to-day. We are oppressed by the thick black cloud that hangs over the sky of the world, and are tempted to think that there never were such times and that all is lost.

Germany has denounced the Treaty of Versailles and started large-scale conscription. France is shuddering with alarm and has increased her military service. Russia and Japan are glowering at each other in the Far East, and on the Continent there are not two nations that trust each other.

World trade is stagnant, and the more stagnant it is the more stupid obstacles, tariffs, quotas, subsidies, and so on, we put in the way of its recovery. America has 20,000,000 people on relief, and unemployment is rampant everywhere.

It is all very true and all very lamentable. But it is not the whole truth.

THAT is the trouble with the newspapers. Bad tidings are "news," just as the doings of bad men are "news." No newspaper cares twopence about the vast majority of us who do not commit murder, get into the divorce court, or rob tills, but just go about living decent, sensible lives from the cradle to the grave. We are not "news."

And in the same way the things that make up the chief sum of our lives have no place in the news.

Go out into the London parks or the countryside in these first days of the revelation of Spring, and you will find plenty of reason for "cheerfulness breaking in." The almonds are in blossom, the air is full of song, the trees and hedgerows are bursting with the first tender shoots of the green mantle of summer. This is not "news," but it is a fact that adds to the source of human happiness.

Go into the streets and you will see an ordered and civilised life such as no previous age in this country or any other has witnessed.

We are disturbed, and rightly disturbed, about the injustices and inequalities of life. We rage against the evil of the slums. Parliament resounds with passionate denunciation of the Means Test. Unemployment, the condition of the people, the homes of the poor, the health of the poor—these are the things that preoccupy Parliament, the Press, and the B.B.C.

It is well that it should be so. It shows that the social conscience of the country is awake. There is no fear that it will go to sleep again.

BUT in insistence on these things do not let us foul our own nest. Do not let us prevent "cheerfulness breaking in" at the marvellous strides this country has made in the last twenty-five years in raising the standards of life.

Compare, for example, the treatment of children to-day with that described in Hammond's history of the "Industrial Revolution," in Dickens' novel, or even as it was at the end of last century, and it will be realised that we have accomplished a vast and silent revolution.

Or consider the enormous redistribution of wealth that has taken place within the last twenty years. Chamberlain's "ransom" is being paid with a vengeance. Taxation of the very rich mounting with death duties to as much as 15s. in the £ on one side. On the other Old Age Pensions, Health Insurance, Unemployment Insurance running into figures equal to the total national expenditure of the country twenty years ago.

Why should we be silent about these great achievements? Why should we be ashamed to let "cheerfulness break in" upon our social scene?

Nor, approaching that black cloud of which I spoke at the beginning, is there lacking a silver lining. We are suffering from the world depression with all the earth, but there are bright spots on the landscape. Trade is bad; but we still lead the world in the export of manufactures. Unemployment is bad; but there are more people employed in this country to-day than there were before the war. And employed, be it remembered, at a far higher level of wages.

Or turn to the world situation. It is disquieting, even alarming. In some respects we are back at the position before the war. Thousands of millions are being squandered by the nations in preparation for (they call it "against") war, and a new race in armaments has begun.

But there are rays of hope everywhere. The public mind of the world is overwhelmingly opposed to the gospel of war. The menace of the air is common to all, and feared by all. The framework of a peace system is established at Geneva, and it only needs the entry of Germany into it to make it representative of the whole of Europe and of most of the world.

In spite of all the menacing portents of the times, I believe there is a greater will to peace in the world than there has ever been. It is greater and more widespread from the fact that it is now known everywhere that war is no longer confined to armies in the field, but is waged first and most formidably against the civilian population behind the lines. In short, there is more fear of war to-day than ever before, and in the League of Nations a more powerful breakwater against war.

FOR these among other reasons I do not share the dark view of the future that is so common. "The world is very evil," I know, but it always was very evil. I have been re-reading lately that great book, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." What a record it is of human suffering, of peoples ceaselessly crushed under the heel of tyranny and war! There was no period in it when life was so secure, justice so even-handed, liberty so respected, prosperity so diffused as it is in this country to-day.

We look back to some golden age when the world was a paradise; but it is an illusion. There never was such an age. There never will be such an age.

But the world, and especially this country, is a better, juster, securer place to dwell in than it has ever been in the past. And in spite of the dark outlook of the moment, I believe the best is still to come.

We are passing through perhaps the greatest transition in history. The process may be slow and painful, but I have no fear of the issue. Why, therefore, should we not let a little cheerfulness break in upon our gloomy forebodings about the immediate future?

*Spring sunshine is here . . . so let a little cheerfulness break in on our gloomy forebodings*

## NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

## Thrillers that Don't

ONE solace of our leisure—
That fount of shrieks and shocks,
The myst'ry novel—cannot last;
'Twill be a relic of the past,
Says Father Ronald Knox.

No more upon its bloodstains
We'll gloat, no more be thrilled
By corpses in a yellow room
And efforts to find out by whom
Was poor Cock Robin killed.

Too many sliding panels
And poisons quite unguessed
By science, and too many clues
Kept from us by an author's ruse
Lie heavy on its chest!

Crime novelists are weary,
Of gruesome plots bereft;
The glut of murders we have had,
Good, fairly good, and blooming bad;
There're no more corpses left!

Amateur criminologists will hope that reports of a deep depression in the mass murder industry have been greatly exaggerated.

But Father Ronald Knox, who for years has pursued a career of crime, as a concocter of thrillers, has dolorously informed the English Speaking Union that there is little future for the detective novel.

"The game has been played out," he said, presumably more in horror than in anger. "It is almost impossible to think of any form of bluff that the seasoned reader will not see through."

If a crime novel is to be successful, says Father Knox, no hitherto undiscovered poisons may be used, no Chinaman must appear, and the detective must not light on clues that he does not immediately produce to the reader.

He might have added that many connoisseurs of blood and bluff are also weary of wicked ladies who use a peculiarly pungent scent, of murderers who carefully leave behind cigarette ends of an unusual brand, and of allegedly crack shots who when they fire at the hero at five yards only manage to wound him in the arm.

If mystery fans have become too critical it is because mystery manufacturers have become too mechanical. Nowadays when a judge's severed head is found in the library no experienced amateur bloodhound suspects the victim's wronged wife, an escaped criminal whom the judge had sent to penal servitude, or the sinister Japanese servant; for he knows from the start that the maiden aunt of an elderly bishop, mentioned casually in Chapter III, will inevitably prove to have done the deed.

In these circumstances it is surprising to be told by Father Ronald that "Edgar Wallace did not write mystery stories in the true sense at all. They were not mysteries; they were just obvious lies."

His myst'ries were not myst'ries in the sense of Father Ron's;
His heroes were detectives and were never Oxford Dons!
It was not in the Common Room his severed heads were found,
But out on Epsom racecourse or down in the UndergrounD!

He led us to the coiners' den—not up the garden walk!
He led us on from thrill to thrill; no cultivated talk
Held up the night's adventure when he had a tale to tell—
And you bet he always had one and you bet he told it well!

His heroes were heroic and his villains shocking bad,
And the heroine was wedded to the noble stable lad;
And we felt great satisfaction when at last the clever 'tec
Got the dirty dog who'd "done it"—and *he* got it in the neck!

Well, well, our Edgar's dead and gone where many good men go!
But even though we hear it from a Gent. Wot Ought To Know
That his were not "true mysteries," we wish someone would write
The sort of yarns that Edgar wrote e'er Edgar said "Good-night"!

# 'Shopping Clubs'

## A GREAT AND BENEFICENT NATION-WIDE MOVEMENT

### *Explained by* JOHN NOBLE

THE most remarkable shopping development of the past five years is undoubtedly the "Ideal" Club movement.

Briefly, the idea combines sterling advantages associated with the world-famous mail-order business of John Noble.

**plus** the attractiveness of an out-of-income system of payment (without interest charges).

**plus** a most intriguing system which fosters the club spirit.

• • • • •

To-day there are thousands of "Ideal" Clubs in all parts of Great Britain, organised among all classes of the public. In London, in the country districts and in the great industrial areas.

• • • • •

Through the "Ideal" Clubs, members are obtaining, without delay, without irksome formalities a thousand and one household requirements and luxuries.

The "Ideal" Club movement has its strong roots in the reputation for honest dealing in quality goods implanted by John Noble over sixty years ago.

In the integrity which has enabled hundreds of thousands who have never entered John Noble's store to buy John Noble's goods, regularly, year after year, by post, is the guarantee of satisfaction which "Ideal" Club members now appreciate highly.

**THIS ANNOUNCEMENT HAS A DUAL PURPOSE.** To thank and congratulate "Ideal" Club members and organisers, pioneers of a movement which represents a real and enduring contribution to the solution of household budgeting problems in these new days.

Next, to interest an even wider public in "Ideal" Club facilities and benefits. You are invited to learn more about this happy change in shopping habits, the excellent value offered in the 424-page Club Book—a veritable encyclopædia of household needs and luxuries—how clubbing together makes the "humble bob" behave so much more handsomely, how the club is conducted to ensure good news each week for members, sustained interest going hand-in-hand with unstinted shopping satisfaction.

• • • • •

Write to-day for details to the Secretary, John Noble Ltd., Brook Street, Manchester. Full information will be sent free, without obligation. Enquire how you may organise a club in your neighbourhood. Cut out this announcement and discuss it among your friends.

***Remember this one word of caution. Clubs of "Mushroom" growth are not confined to social circles. To enjoy the satisfaction there is in the shopping club movement you must be sure of security. The reputation of John Noble's is behind the "Ideal" Clubs — no higher credentials could be desired.***

*Post this to-day (½d. stamp, if unsealed)*

To the Secretary, "THE IDEAL CLUB,"
John Noble Ltd., Brook Street, Manchester.

Please send me, free and without obligation full details of membership of the "Ideal" Club and its benefits.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

Note: Those who wish to organise "Ideal" Clubs among their friends are requested to make a separate application to the Secretary, by letter. J.B. 57.

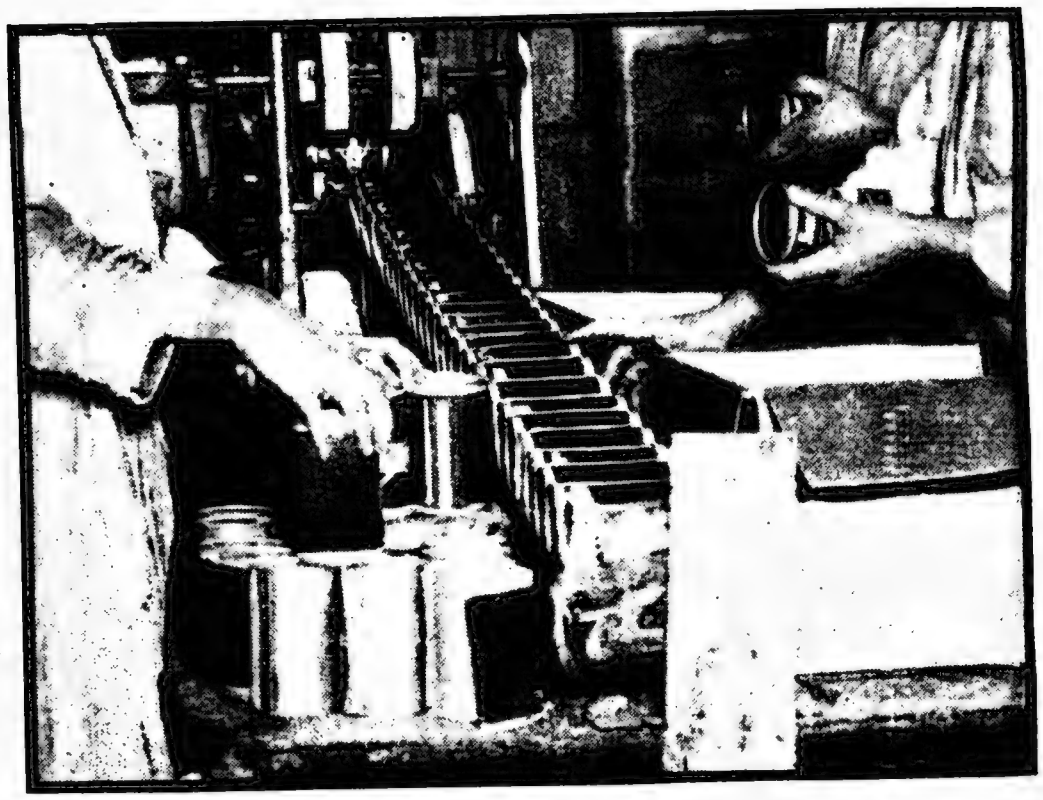
*Form a*

# JOHN NOBLE'S

*Ideal Club*

## Weekly Informations from Maj.-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs

# HUGE *Tinned Food* FRAUD



*Here is a reputable and well-known canning firm—the type of business this rogue has led dupes to believe he was negotiating for*

THIS week I want to warn the public against an impudent "tinned food" trickster who follows a variety of poses and is touring the country with marked success at the present time in the guise of a director of important companies.

I have already come across him in several different names, and there is no doubt that he is a distinguished-looking man with a very convincing tongue. He dresses extravagantly, and, being well educated and much travelled, is able to impress most of his dupes quite easily.

He usually claims to control an important company which specialises in the distribution of all kinds of tinned foodstuffs. His interests in this range from canned meat to fish and fruit, and his company apparently not only has its own factory in London, but branch establishments in different parts of the land.

### Other interests

His interests, as I shall show, are not by any means confined to the "tinned food" trade—with which his self-asserted association is a gross impudence and fraud—but embrace various spheres of commerce, from the cleaning of office windows by contract, to the sale and purchase of options in certain petroleum companies.

Not long ago, in the name of "Royston Stevens," he established himself in an office in Maidstone, Kent, and talked impressively of his connection with the tinned food trade and of the fact that he was the managing director of an important company.

Advertisements attracted various people to his office, and to them Stevens unfolded a most convincing story. In addition to his other cannery interests, apparently, he was proposing to float a special limited liability company to cover the Home Counties area, and needed a selected number of investors who would not only be willing to invest money, but would take an active part, in association with him, in making the new venture a quick success.

### Changed his name

Although Stevens did not stay in the Maidstone district very long, he managed to dupe several victims through the medium of his elaborate statements. He soon disappeared from the vicinity when it was dangerous for him to try to keep up his subterfuges any longer, leaving his victims to discover that his stories were completely false and that he was not connected with the tinned food trade at all in any legitimate way.

A town in the West Country engaged his attention next. As in the previous instance, he stayed at a good-class hotel and appeared to be a very bustling and busy business man indeed. He was accompanied, too, by a charming young woman who had been in his company during his Maidstone operations.

He passed now in the name of "Stanley Roy Johnson."

He let the news gain currency that he was in the district in connection with the acquisition of a suitable block of buildings in which to open a new branch of his tinned foodstuffs enterprise, and in this connection interviewed estate agents, property owners, furnishing firms, and numerous other business people.

"Mr. Johnson" negotiated with one estate agent for the purchase of suitable premises on the outskirts of the town, and airily signed documents which practically closed the deal.

Then he raised a loan on the pretext that he had been too busy to get necessary funds through from London and was temporarily embarrassed.

His victim, needless to say, saw no more of him after this transaction had been thus concluded!

### Sudden flight

Belated enquiries then made brought many disquieting facts to light. During his brief stay in the district the "tinned food" adventurer had, it was found, interviewed several men at a temporarily rented office and offered them good positions in return for monetary deposits.

In this connection he said that he needed directors for yet another new company he was forming for operation in the "tinned food" trade, and one man parted with more than £200 in the belief that he would sit on the board of the new concern.

Again the rogue performed a sudden disappearing trick, leaving his victims to learn that his so-called company-promoting was nothing but a clever fraud.

And, apart from leaving the hotel without settling his account, he had obtained credit from several tradespeople.

### Tales of property

By now, however, Johnson had transferred his operations to another town, where, using a good-class hotel and a temporary office as his headquarters, he defrauded further dupes by his inspiring stories of his varied company interests, both present and future.

I am not surprised to learn that he is at the moment the subject of complaints from various parts of the country.

At Exeter he tentatively arranged with an estate agent to acquire some business premises in the centre of the town. Then he selected a local car dealer as one of his intended victims.

With the aid of the knowledge concerning local business men, cleverly obtained in casual conversation with the estate agent, he was able to talk convincingly to the car dealer about his alleged business deals in the town.

He airily asserted that he proposed to buy a car in connection with his company's operations in the district, and, with great precision and attention to the smallest detail, finally selected a new model from the dealer's stock. He then cashed a cheque and, promising to return later to go for a trial run, made himself scarce.

Quite recently, I am able to reveal, this clever touring adventurer was active in London itself. Here he maintained his company-promoting pose, and sought interviews with a number of intended victims through the means of an attractive advertisement.

One of the men who was unfortunate enough to meet him in this way was told a slightly different but equally convincing story to those propounded in the course of his "tinned food" exploits.

### Many aliases

Stevens, whose list of aliases I do not propose to give in full, had by this time—according to the story he now told—become the proposed purchaser of certain very valuable securities which he wished to pay for in full. He told the client in question that if he would be willing to support him financially he would get an almost immediate return on his money.

His story, as usual, was taken in by the other man, and an investment was handed over. Then the "tinned food" importer just vanished once again.

It is not surprising that complaints about him are growing numerous, and I think I have given enough details about his favourite poses to put the public on its guard against him.

In the meantime, I am glad to hear that the police authorities are giving some of the complaints which are now being made about his activities their closest attention.

Though the canning industry, a mythical factory, a chain of non-existent shops and other big business deals form the basis of his engaging stories, a life of ease and comfort is his chief ambition.

If this article renders that ambition more difficult to attain, it will not have been written in vain.

Many people will be relieved when he is safely under lock and key.


## "JOHN BULL'S" Great PRESENTATION

IN this issue of JOHN BULL is your final opportunity of securing the most historic publishing achievement of this or any age, "The Silver Jubilee Book," the wonderful cavalcade of the past twenty-five years told as no words can tell, in hundreds of unforgettable pictures.

It is a book in a million, complete and exclusive, and an example of luxury production that sets a new standard.

"The Silver Jubilee Book" immortalises the twenty-five most eventful years in history. Its 512 pages are alive with ten thousand different interests. Never before has the past been brought back again so vividly, so completely.

The pictures, including hundreds of whole-page and double-page plates, were selected from over 100,000 from all parts of the world. They take you, step by step, through the years from 1910 right up to the present time.

This Silver Jubilee Book is not merely history, it is the people's own story, the saga of their joy and suffering, their triumphs and disasters during tremendous times.

It is *your story*—an heirloom to be handed down from father to son.

For those who have lived through all these years it will recapture magic memories. And the young people will be thrilled and astonished when they go through the volume and see such things as early motor cars, the hobble skirt, the horse tram, the Battle of Sidney Street, the crystal wireless set. . . .

Every woman will gaze with wonder at the pageant of twenty-five years of changing fashions, styles that now seem almost unbelievable, all revealed in one great supplement.

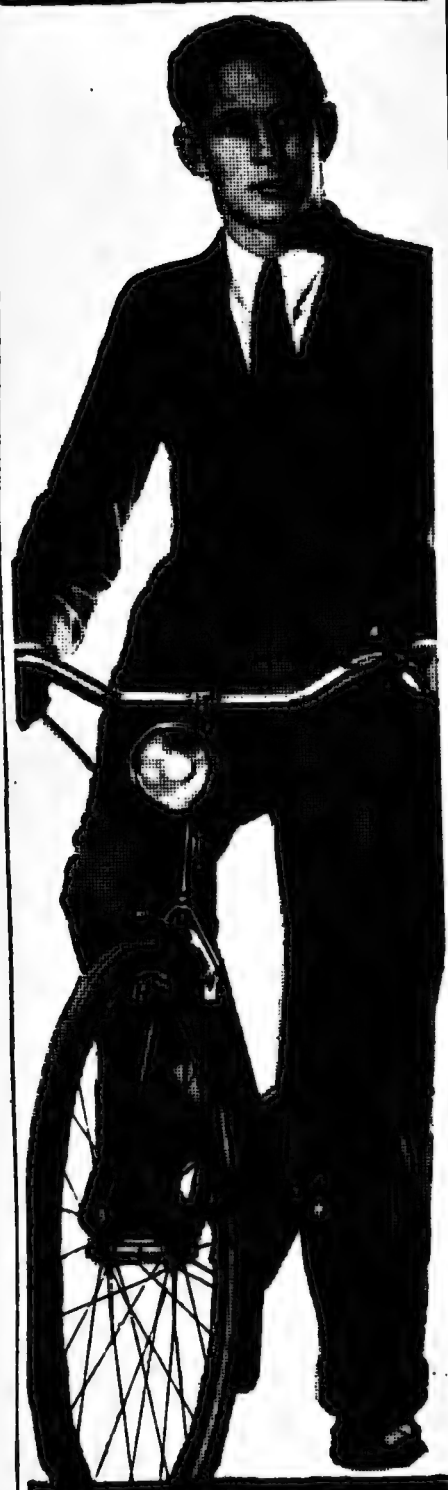
The Great War is covered from beginning to end, driving home all the realities of the conflict. There are amazing pictures—many drawn from the official archives of the Imperial War Museum.

You will turn over the pages of "The Silver Jubilee Book" again and again, constantly finding something new, something fresh at which to marvel. It is an education and a revelation. In all the world there is nothing like it. Its pictures tell ten thousand human stories.

* * *

Hurry! Orders can only be dealt with in strict rotation. Turn to page 4. You must act immediately if you wish to avoid disappointment.

Every Rudge is a safety bicycle



RUDGE WHITWORTH
THE PEDIGREE BICYCLE

**A Super Bargain for Housewives!**
Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for a few shillings down. Get full particulars of the wonderful New Hoover Junior model by writing to Hoover Ltd. (Dept. R3), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. *Mention "John Bull" when writing.*

# *Broken Bones in the PLAYGROUND*

JOHNNY has done it this time! His mother was always saying "You'll fall some day and break your leg," and now her words have come true. Johnny is like thousands of other boys. Danger never enters his head.

Frank Allardice, of 44, Alder Grove, Cricklewood, never dreamed of danger when he proudly stood on top of a wall to get a good view of a bonfire. But he lost his balance and . . . snap . . . a broken arm.

Ronald Evans, of 59, Glynrhondda Street, Treorchy, was darting down the street on roller-skates when he slipped and broke his leg. Ronald is causing his mother a lot of anxiety. Only a few months ago he broke his leg when trying to see how fast he could run.

Grace Bracher, of 60, Albert Road, Parkgate, Rotherham, was doing physical exercises in the playground. In her zeal, she fell in some way and broke her leg.

The above accidents are typical of thousands that have happened to the children of JOHN BULL readers. In every case the cheque dispatched under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift was welcome indeed.

With the finer weather, there is more time for play. Cheques paid by JOHN BULL for children's accidents are steadily mounting. Already up to March 16 of this year no less than 822 cheques have been paid on account of this one risk alone.

## A FAMILY CHARTER

Remember that one registration under our Great Free Insurance Gift covers husband, wife *and* the children.

Children's Accidents, accidents in Home and Garden, Sports Accidents, Loss by theft from burglary or housebreaking . . . JOHN BULL covers you against these and many other risks. In addition, JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to safeguard your precious belongings against Fire, Storm and Flood—the *only* paper to pay Sickness Benefits (as specified)—the *only* paper to add a welcome 10 per cent. Bonus to all benefits paid to readers of more than three months' standing.

Can you afford not to register for a Free Insurance Gift planned on such broad and generous lines? Sign the Registration Forms now.

***Protect Your Children with "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.***

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**JOHN BULL**
*Hand* this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....
Address.....
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..... Date.....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 30/3/35

CUT HERE

**Post this Form to**
"John Bull" Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.
Age.....
Address.....
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Name and Address of Newsagent.
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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 30/3/35

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

**'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON**
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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NO MORE LADDERS *in your stockings*

Here's a marvellous discovery for women. **Prufose—guaranteed to prevent stockings or silk underwear from laddering. Think how much money that will save you!** Prufose is extremely simple to use and actually improves the appearance and texture of the stockings. Prufosed stockings and lingerie do not need constant washing—Prufose protects against dirt, dust and perspiration. You really should try it. Get a packet to-day. From drapers, chemists and all important stores. **If you cannot obtain it locally SEND 6d. TO PRUFOSE, LTD., (Dept. B.1), Carlton House, 11d, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.**

**GUARANTEE.** *If you are not satisfied with the results of using Prufose return the envelope (with the remainder) to us and we will refund your money.*

6D.

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★ A SIXPENNY PACKET IS SUFFICIENT FOR TWELVE PAIRS OF STOCKINGS

Pals!

**Your dog's a pal to YOU—be a pal to HIM!**

He often suffers doggy ailments, but he can't TELL you when he's unwell. He looks to YOU to KEEP him in health, and the only way you can be sure of doing this is to give him a regular weekly course of Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. Don't WAIT till he gets out of Condition, till he gets moody and miserable, goes off his food—PREVENT that unnecessary suffering with Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. They cost but a few pence, but they will be worth £££'s to your pet's health.

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Worm Capsules and Powders
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Skincure
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Cough Tablets
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Formalin Soap
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SHERLEY'S TONIC & CONDITION POWDERS

In 3 strengths, for small, medium and large dogs. 6d. per packet of 9 Powders, 1/3 per packet of 24 Powders. From Chemists, Stores and Corn Merchants. A. F. Sherley & Co. Ltd., 18, [illegible], London, S.E.1.

# MOTHER ROBBED of ONLY SON

## HEARTLESS LUNACY BLUNDER

*The mother who is breaking her heart because she cannot get her only son back*

A DEVOTED mother at Brighton is fighting the official machine set up by the Mental Deficiency Act. For seven years she has been parted from her only son. He was taken from her when she was in straitened circumstances; facing a hard, lone struggle to gain a livelihood.

Now, however, her position is altered. She has re-married and has an excellent home of her own in one of those quiet, old-fashioned residential roads, which climb the Sussex Downs towards Race-course Hill.

All that the mother asks of authority is that her son shall be returned to her so that she may lavish her affection and care upon him. ***But authority returns a blank refusal,*** and decrees that the boy shall be boarded out with foster parents at a cost to the public purse.

This case is one of the most extraordinary ever brought to the notice of JOHN BULL. It emphasises in a remarkable way the muddle-headed mind of officialdom, and shows how intolerably harsh can be the operations of the Mental Deficiency Act.

### More troubles

Let the plain facts speak their own indictment: The principal in the story is a lad who is now sixteen, by the name of Arthur William Coleman, who without question is backward in his mental development.

When an infant of three years old he was attacked by a form of paralysis, which affected his mind and left him weakened in general health. His mother nursed the boy through the years which followed, and gradually he improved in every way.

Then other troubles disorganised the family. There was a separation between husband and wife, and the woman was left with the burden of maintaining the home.

It was impossible for her to carry on—she was forced to apply for assistance in respect of the boy; no other course was open to her. She was away from her house each day, earning her own living, and therefore she could not continue the proper supervision of an afflicted son.

A suggestion was made to the mother that it would be better if the son became a charge under the Mental Deficiency Act, and to this she agreed, but making a very definite stipulation that this should be *a temporary measure.* That happened seven years ago.

The boy was taken and placed in the guardianship of a married woman living in a small cottage at Hove, and there he lived for a period of three years.

### Never again

For various reasons it was then decided that the boy should be moved from Hove, and for a time he was returned to his mother. One ground for this rearrangement was that the boy had been rather drastically punished for some small offence.

Naturally the mother was overjoyed to welcome her son to his real home, and—the point is important—she decided she would never give him up again.

Her circumstances were changed. She had re-married on the death of her first husband, and had commenced a new life under happy auspices. She thought that she would be left undisturbed, with her son under her care. Her second husband was only too anxious for the boy to remain with them. He and the lad were excellent "pals."

But after a short interval, the wheels of the official machine were set in motion once more. For a second time the boy was removed from the safe retreat of his mother's home, and placed in a recognised "boarding out" establishment in one of the villages of the Sussex Weald.

Obviously there was no need for this transfer. The mother was quite able and willing to look after her son, but officialdom decreed that she could not.

Something that has never been properly explained, happened to the boy under his second appointed guardianship.

One day in December of last year, the mother received a letter from the Executive Officer of the Mental Deficiency Committee for Brighton, in the following terms:—

"I have to inform you that your son has been removed from the care of Mrs. ———— and has been examined by Dr. Eves. Upon the advice of the doctor he has this day been admitted to the Elm Grove Institution, Brighton, for medical examination. A visiting order to enable you to visit your son in such Institution may be obtained on application at the gate."

As quickly as possible the mother dashed to the hospital, demanding to see her son, and when granted an interview, she was startled and grieved beyond measure at the condition of ill-health in which she found him.

A pitiable account was whispered by the lad of how he longed to be back with his mother "at home."

While the boy was lying as a patient in the Brighton institution the mother began another campaign to regain possession of him. She begged and she prayed by letter and word of mouth to be granted the mother's right of the custody of her own son.

Time and again she pointed out that she had an excellent house—far better than any of the small country "boarding-out" homes—that her husband was anxious for the boy to live with them, and that she had the time to look after him in every possible way.

It was just useless battering against stone. No one would listen to the pathetic pleading of the mother. In the early part of March the Mental Deficiency Act Committee for Brighton gave their decision in this case of Arthur William Coleman. A formal letter brought the following message to the distracted woman:

"The Mental Deficiency Committee, upon full consideration of your application, have instructed me to inform you that they are unable to accede to your request.

"As your son is now physically fit for discharge from the Infirmary, he will be removed therefrom and placed in the care of —— West Firle, Lewes."

Was there ever such crazy absurdity? Arthur Coleman must go to a four-roomed, lonely bungalow to live with an elderly couple at a cost to the rates of 15s. a week, when his mother wants him at home and—quite obviously—can look after him much better than his recently appointed "official guardians."

Moreover, the foster parent does not desire to have the boy in her charge.

For lately the mother received a communication in which it was stated:—

"I wish you luck in your endeavour to get him back. I shall be very glad to hand him over. I shall never take any more of these cases. I should think that you would have no difficulty in getting him, if the Committee members heard what he has told us of the treatment he has received in the past."

### Just nothing . . .

Yet the order of the Committee stands:—Arthur William Coleman must not be returned to the guardianship of his own mother. Rather will we expend the ratepayers' money than let him go back.

At Firle, where the lad is living, there is nothing whatever for him to do. There are no playmates; no suitable school—nothing.

Meanwhile the mother is breaking her heart because the boy is not with her, and the ratepayers of Brighton are paying for his care by a woman who does not want him.

If the boy was allowed to be with his mother, there are special schools and treatment centres for sympathetic education and development.

But, no. The Mental Deficiency Committee of Brighton decides that Arthur William Coleman must go to Firle and at Firle he must stay.

We repeat with emphasis: Was there ever such a crazy scandal of mis-applied interference?

# Out of the Storm

YOUTH sometimes sneers at the spectacle of an old man or woman in the chimney corner. But it might well save itself the trouble.

The sunset of life is a time for rest and reflection away from the hurly-burly of life, and it is one of the compensations of old age that as we grow older we look for this tranquillity more and more.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Picture, then, the contentment of an old-age pensioner sitting in the warmth and comfort of his own home at Durham, made all the more enjoyable because a thunder-storm is raging outside.

It will give you a better understanding of the horror that follows.

Suddenly, lightning gathers the chimney of his little home in its fiery noose. Before he can appreciate what has happened bricks and debris come crashing into his kitchen and sitting-room, pulverising prized possessions, among which he had hoped to end his days, and sending him rushing out into the storm for assistance.

We said he was an old-age pensioner. There is little enough to spare on buying new household goods out of the five to ten shillings a week granted by the State to those who can work no longer. It was a bleak prospect that confronted him.

We of JOHN BULL felt, after we had helped him and received a charming little letter of gratitude in return, that we had minimised a real tragedy.

Yet it was our duty, because, by filling in and forwarding to us a coupon like one you will find to-day on page 18, he had qualified for the wide protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free insurance scheme.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Have you safeguarded yourself against this and many similar eventualities? If you take the simple step of signing and forwarding that coupon now, you will find us just as ready to fulfil our part of the contract if ever you stand in need of it.

# Why OPAS Brand?

Why is it that so many sufferers specify "OPAS" Brand? There must be a reason—and there is. Dr. HUGH MacLean, the originator, published his formula without any proprietary rights, so that his discovery might benefit the greatest possible number of sufferers. This philanthropic gesture allows anyone to make up MacLean Stomach Powder. Many people insist on "OPAS" Brand before any other, because they know the formula is printed on the packet, and the ingredients pure. "OPAS" Brand is made by a firm of qualified manufacturing chemists who have an enviable reputation for the purity of their drugs and the accuracy of their dispensing—and who live up to that reputation. "OPAS" Powder claims to bring speedy relief from **Indigestion, Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn or Headache**—and does so. And it is good to know that "OPAS" Powder is offered **at prices within the reach of everyone.** Get it from your Chemist.

POPULAR SIZE 7½D
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THE RIGHT BRAND AT THE RIGHT PRICE

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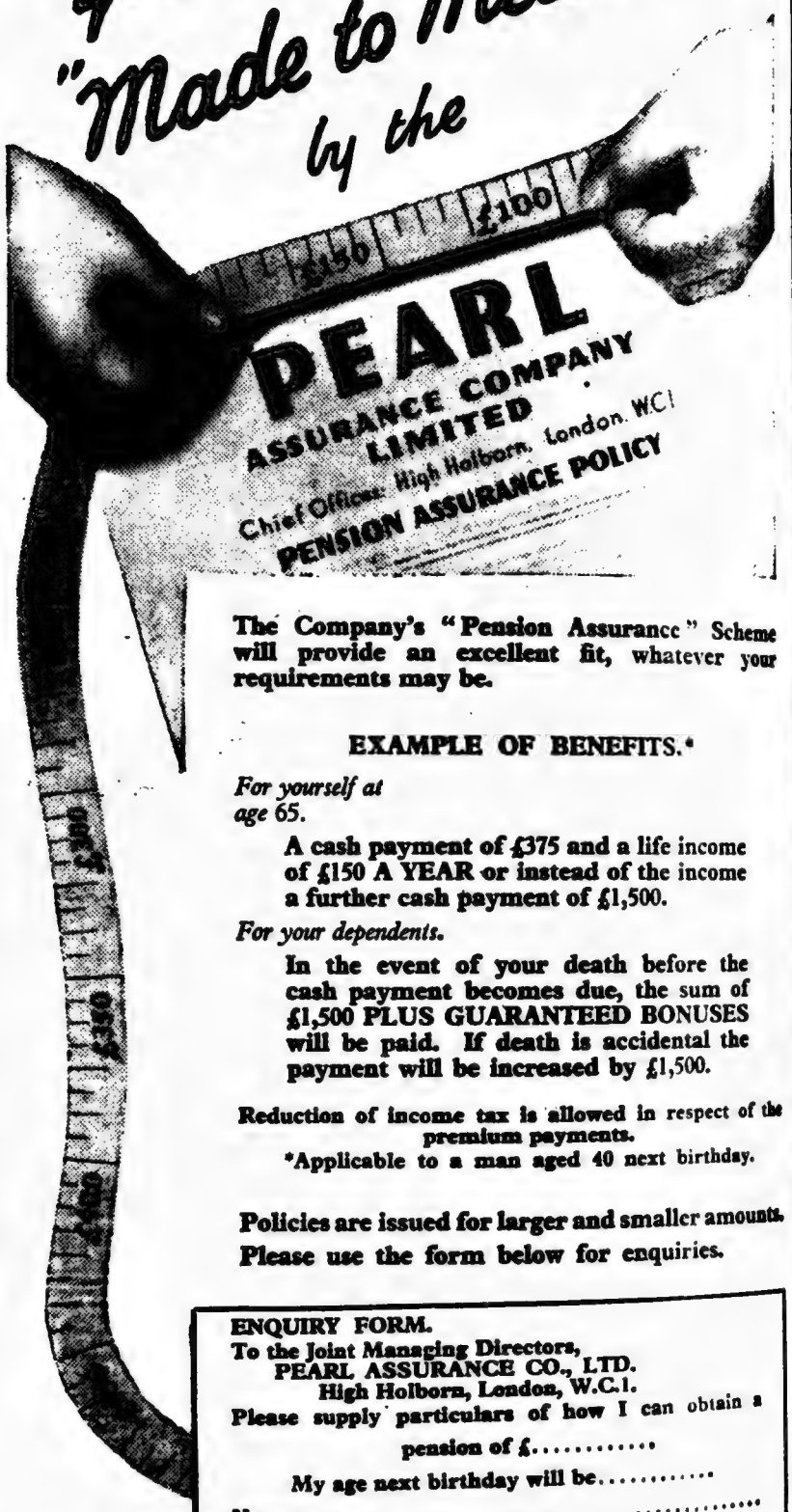
# Have your Pension "Made to Measure" by the




**The Company's "Pension Assurance" Scheme will provide an excellent fit, whatever your requirements may be.**

**EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS.***

*For yourself at age 65.*

**A cash payment of £375 and a life income of £150 A YEAR or instead of the income a further cash payment of £1,500.**

*For your dependents.*

**In the event of your death before the cash payment becomes due, the sum of £1,500 PLUS GUARANTEED BONUSES will be paid. If death is accidental the payment will be increased by £1,500.**

**Reduction of income tax is allowed in respect of the premium payments.**

***Applicable to a man aged 40 next birthday.**

**Policies are issued for larger and smaller amounts. Please use the form below for enquiries.**

**ENQUIRY FORM.**
**To the Joint Managing Directors,**
**PEARL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.**
**High Holborn, London, W.C.1.**
**Please supply particulars of how I can obtain a pension of £.....**
**My age next birthday will be.....**
**Name** .....
State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss
**Address** .....
.....
26 J.B. 30-3-35.


## £1,000 Won in Crossword Competition No. 297

*In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £900 offered:—*

Miss E. Colbert, 106, Broadway, Peterborough.
J. G. Hands, 33, Dickinson Street, Darlington, Co. Durham.
E. Law, 185, Longfellow Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.
Miss E. Rhodes, 4, Blanche Street, Rochdale.
Mrs. F. Wright, 1, Highfield Lane, Woodlesford, Leeds.

*To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £180 will be sent.*

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."*

*No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 118 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 17s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.*

*A Crossword Season Ticket containing 80 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.*

*In addition to the above awards, the five sharers of the First Prize will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a handsome Wrist-watch.*

*Surprise Awards were won by 697 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.*

**Turn to page 44 now for this week's "John Bull" Crossword—First Prize £1,250 cash and magnificent Pye Radio-gram, value 34 Guineas—a 3d additional £150 to be divided between runners-up and an extra Bonus of £100 for second Runners-up who enter two 6d. coupons in one envelope. These fine Crossword prizes MUST BE WON.**


*Accept this Free Offer!*

**TIN OF BOOT POLISH and Polishing Cloth**

THIS remarkable offer is made on p. 27 by John White, Ltd., of Rushden, Northamptonshire, makers of Impregnable footwear, and one of the largest Boot and Shoe Makers in Gt. Britain. To get this amazing free gift, simply fill in the coupon in the Impregnable Shoe advt. on p. 27. This will bring you full details including Illustrated Lists of their boots and shoes, address of nearest stockist and Free Gift of Tin of Boot Polish and Polishing Cloth. Attach 1d. stamp for part postage, packing, etc. Simple, isn't it?—Well, write your name and address in the coupon Now, while you think of it! **Turn to Page 27.**

FREE



BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache etc

*The local clergy have vigorously denounced this blot on Coventry. Most people will share their sentiments*

# STREET that Shames a City

ONE of the greatest housing scandals of our time exists in the pleasant city of Coventry, but casual visitors would see nothing of the appalling conditions to which we refer.

In the Foleshill district there is a colony of war-time munition huts, some privately owned and others owned by the Coventry Council.

These have been adapted to house families who, for want of better accommodation, are forced to live under conditions which can only be described as deplorable.

The privately owned huts are on one side of a main road leading out of Coventry; those owned by the local Council are just opposite. But there is little to choose between either section, and it is monstrous that human beings should be expected to live in such conditions.

## Reverend critics

It is true that some of the privately owned huts have now been condemned and are due for demolition at some future date, but the Council has only been forced to take this belated action after years of agitation by the tenants and the local clergy.

The fact is that these wretched huts should never have been used as dwellings. They served a useful purpose during the difficult war years, but their usefulness ended with the war and they should have been demolished.

That we are not exaggerating can be judged from the views expressed by the Rev. Paul Stacey, vicar of St. Peter's, Coventry, who presided over a recent meeting of the Coventry Munition Cottages Tenants' Defence Association.

At this meeting Mr. Stacey said that he had visited the hutments and would content himself with saying that the conditions under which the tenants, especially the children, were living were nothing but a "blasphemous scandal."

Another scathing denunciation has been made by the Rev. G. H. Brown, of Foleshill, who pays tribute to the pluck of the housewives who battle to keep their homes clean against overwhelming odds.

## Mud and slime

While declaring that such women are a credit to Coventry, he speaks feelingly of the burden they have to bear in keeping their homes in good condition when the entries outside are "masses of mud and slime."

Alderman Miss Arnold, chairman of the Public Health Committee of Coventry, also stated that she had visited the huts in question and had been appalled at the conditions there.

"You could see through the doors," she added, "and the places were damp, with broken grates and broken windows. They were quite unfit for human habitation."

This statement, coming from a responsible member of the Public Health Committee, is a striking admission, for if these wretched dwellings are unfit for human habitation why in the name of common-sense and decency have the authorities ignored this unfortunate fact for so long?

Among the sufferers who have taken a leading part in the fight for decent housing conditions is a young married ex-Service man, Mr. F. J. Powell, who lived in a hut with the striking name of "Flanders Echo." The name is tragically apt.

As a result of Mr. Powell's activities as secretary of the local Tenants' Defence Association he has been served with a notice to quit.

The chairman of the Association, Mr. G. B. Wale, has also been served with a similar notice.

The drastic treatment accorded to these two tenants who dare to criticise the conditions in which they were living is to be deplored.

When the notice to quit was served on Mr. Powell he erected a flag mast from which flew the Union Jack and two naval distress flag signals.

Feeling was at this time running high among the unfortunate residents at Foleshill, and at this juncture the authorities stepped in and provided Mr. Powell with accommodation in another hut owned by the Council on the other side of the road.

This colony of Council-owned munition huts glories in the picturesque name of "Monk's Park." That this dismal waste of hutments should bear the name of "Monk's Park" is a joke that is not appreciated by the unfortunate inhabitants.

To revert for a moment to the privately owned huts at Foleshill, it was recently stated by a councillor that these buildings had been bought at about £25 each, and some tenants were paying 12s. 6d. a week rent and rates of 2s. 5d. a week.

They were let to munition workers during the war at rents ranging from 5s. 9d. to 6s. 11d. a week, including electric light. But rents in these wretched huts have varied considerably, and some residents have paid from 14s. to 17s. 6d. a week, the minimum decontrolled rent being 12s. 6d.

From these facts it becomes obvious that these hut-dwellers of Coventry are suffering under a gross injustice and are the victims of the acute shortage of proper housing accommodation in the town.

The scandal is heightened by the fact that the Coventry Council itself is now responsible for housing a large number of families in munition huts at "Monk's Park."

A JOHN BULL representative who recently visited this no-man's-land found that the conditions under which people are expected to live are deplorable.

## Overcrowding

Rain drips monotonously from leaking gutters, badly-fitting windows provide an opening for wind and rain. There are cracks in some of the walls, and sad-faced children trudge wearily through the puddles.

This "Monk's Park" colony of huts is a scene of desolate dreariness, as the picture reproduced on this page shows.

That such dwellings should be owned by a municipal body is a crying scandal.

Residents are bitterly outspoken in their comments on local conditions. "Overcrowding is rampant," one man declares. "No zoo authority in the country would be guilty of housing animals in such conditions!"

These, then, are the facts of this deplorable housing scandal. Ever since the war there has been an acute housing shortage in the city, but the Council has made little or no attempt to deal with the problem.

It has stood aside, while all sorts of glaring anomalies in rental charges have been rampant and while its citizens have had to endure unspeakable living conditions.

At the moment there are at Coventry about four thousand families on the official waiting-list for houses. How many more families urgently need proper housing accommodation, but have not registered on the official list, is difficult to estimate.

Officials of the Council are aware of these facts, but they appear to be loth to take any really effective action to deal with this most urgent of problems.

## Hopeless wait

During a period of two years the Council built only sixty-two houses! At this rate of progress many of those whose names have been on the waiting-list for years past will have passed on to another world before their hopes of decent housing accommodation in this world are realised.

The Coventry City Council must deal with this most urgent problem of housing in an effective and satisfactory manner. There have been years of delay, disappointment and excuses: the time has come for action. The scandal of housing conditions at Coventry must be ended.

*Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

# Disordered Minds

SOME of the saddest letters I receive come from persons who are afraid of going mad. A man has just written to me from the other side of the world who is suffering from the peculiar trouble of seeming to hear strange voices whispering to him all sorts of foul ideas. He wonders if this may be the beginning of insanity.

I have heard this kind of thing so often that I have taken expert medical advice on the subject and therefore am quite sure of my ground in saying that this man is probably as sane as the rest of us and can get free from his obsession.

One mental specialist of high standing with whom I talked about it surprised me by saying: "It is quite possible that a man troubled by wicked suggestions is hearing real voices, the voices of invisible tempters who have somehow managed to get through to him like a wireless inventor. Tell him to pay no more heed to them than he would to a foul-mouthed fellow whom he passed on the street; and, above all, not to be frightened."

The statement reminded me of something said by the late Bishop Gore which was to the following effect: "Sometimes there is shot into our minds a thought so foul, so poisonous, so utterly unlike our own ordinary ways of thinking, that it seems like the speech of an unseen bad companion. So it very likely is, and we are no more to blame for it than if we heard it from the lips of a human being in the flesh. We are only to blame if we ally ourselves willingly with a thing so evil."

These serious pronouncements of eminent men should be of some comfort to decent-minded folk troubled in the way I have indicated. They should keep calm, and, if they have any misgivings about their mental soundness, put themselves under the care of competent physicians of body and soul.

* * *

But this is not all. There are other causes of the loss of mental balance. We live in an age of nervous pressure and strain. People go on worrying and struggling against adverse conditions till they overtax the delicate brain and nerve centres and something snaps. Or they live in a state of chronic depression, never happy, never having any change to brightness and hope. What wonder if the mind goes wrong?

Constant brooding over trouble that is shared with no one else is a prolific cause of derangement. There is nothing worse for mental or bodily health than to bottle a thing up in your own mind, never speaking about it and yet never ceasing to think about it.

* * *

At the bottom of nearly everything that sends a good man or woman distracted is fear, and there is no crueller fear than the fear of losing one's grip on oneself. Night after night of sleeplessness and sorrow endured in solitude will bring the stoutest heart near to the border line of mania. Pull yourself up quickly if you have got to that. Get away. Break the vicious circle. Mix with your kind and be normal.

We need one another all the time. To be self-absorbed is to invite disaster in more senses than one. It is impossible to see straight on any question if we are preoccupied with ourselves all the time and never give a thought to others except in relation to our own advantage.

What will save our sanity will save our souls, and that is to believe in and live for a good that can never perish and that is only ours because it belongs to all.

# 12 for 6D

*instead of*

# 10

**NO FRILLS OR TINFOIL**

*Also 6 for 3d. 24 for 1'-*

*& in decorated tins 50 for 2'-*

## *The 'Plus Two' man gets two more!*

*As big and as good as any 10 for 6d. cigarettes*

# 20 Years of Torture

## LEGLESS HERO'S Scandalous Ordeal

*Shattered, Mr Cooper bravely tries to carry on by selling matches in face of cruel circumstances*

THE Workmen's Compensation Acts were framed with the object of protecting the employee who, in the course of his employment, suffered serious injury and was incapacitated.

When a workman has suffered a serious injury of a permanent nature he is often offered a sum in compensation instead of a weekly compensation allowance.

A particularly sad case where an inadequate sum was accepted in full settlement of a compensation claim is that of Mr. Percival Cooper, an ex-Service man of Brixton, London. His only means of earning a livelihood, and a very poor one, is to sell matches from his invalid chair outside the post office in Streatham High Road.

Last March, as the result of an injury he received aboard ship as long ago as 1915, he was taken to the National Hospital, Queen's Square, London, where the surgeons decided that in order to save his life it was necessary to amputate his left leg below the knee.

### £250 was all

For sixteen weeks he was in this hospital. His condition to-day is such that his only satisfactory means of getting about is by means of an invalid chair, which is likely to collapse at any time.

When this chair gives out Mr. Cooper will be still more badly handicapped in his attempt to earn a few shillings by selling matches.

His present plight can well be imagined when it is stated that he accepted a beggarly £250 as complete compensation for his terrible injuries.

This tragic story begins on board a tramp steamer back in March, 1915. Mr. Percival Cooper was then serving as a merchant seaman and was bound for the Red Sea.

The ship on which he sailed was a seaworthy craft, and at the time of the accident she was making for Newcastle to coal before starting her next voyage. As the vessel neared Newcastle she encountered bad weather. There was a blinding snowstorm and a gale lashed the North Sea to fury.

With frozen hands Cooper was at work in the fore-top of the ship, shifting the span, when his foot slipped. He made a despairing attempt to regain his balance, but his frozen fingers failed to grip, and he went hurtling to the deck below, a distance of 45 feet.

### Grim ordeal

Comrades picked up his crumpled body and carried him to the skipper's cabin where he was given first aid.

When the ship docked in Newcastle he was taken to the Ingham Infirmary, where it was found that he was suffering from a fractured spine and was partly paralysed. For sixteen weeks he was in the infirmary before being transferred to the National Hospital, London.

Then followed thirty-six weeks of pain and the unhappy realisation that he would not be able to resume his work in the Merchant Service.

### Further loss

Eventually he was discharged in 1916, and for a time he was able to do light work in the Navy, but later his health became worse, and he found difficulty in getting about without the aid of walking-sticks or crutches.

In 1918 Mr. Cooper accepted £250 in complete settlement of his claim for compensation. Knowing that it was practically impossible for him to obtain work, he thought that this sum would enable him to buy a business which would support his wife, child, and himself.

Eventually, he bought a small general grocery shop at Tooting for £250, but he soon discovered that this business was not the "little gold mine" it was supposed to be.

He struggled on but eventually, owing to bad health, he was compelled to give up the business which proved a great loss. So for several years he tried to make a living in various ways, but always suffering from the effects of the injury to his spine.

Then, when he found it practically impossible to get about, even with the aid of crutches, friends found for him a second-hand invalid chair.

Unwilling to apply to the Public Assistance Committee, he decided to sit in his invalid chair outside the Post Office in Streatham High Road, London, selling matches.

Then, in June last year, he was taken suddenly ill. His "pitch" outside the Streatham Post Office was vacant, the match-seller and his invalid chair had disappeared. The reason was that Mr. Cooper had been taken again to the National Hospital, where he remained for sixteen weeks.

Now it became tragically apparent how foolish he had been in accepting a lump-sum settlement in respect of his accident.

Although he had suffered grievously already, far worse was to come. This chapter in the story of this unfortunate man's life ended with the amputation of one of his legs.

Eventually he came back to his old pitch outside the Post Office, a helpless cripple, minus a leg and with the other one partly paralysed.

All these years of ill-health, agony and hospital treatment, and the bitter knowledge that he had agreed to a settlement before his worst troubles developed.

To-day passers-by see him sitting in his invalid chair offering matches; few of them know the tragic story which landed this man in his ramshackle chair.

Not that Percival Cooper is complaining against fate. "When I was offered £250 in full payment of my claim for compensation, I thought it would help to set me up in a little business," he says. "Little did I realise then that afterwards I should be totally incapacitated as a result of the accident on board ship.

### Brave sufferer

"But this is my position to-day. My wife goes out to do what little housework she can get to do, and as I cannot rest at home I go out every day and try selling matches."

Mr. Cooper bears his suffering bravely. He does not flourish his three war medals in one's face, he remains stoically independent.

Rain or shine, in snow or sleet, and when keen winds cut along the Streatham High Road, passers-by will see him sitting in his chair outside the Post Office trying to sell his matches. And when custom is slack his mind goes back to the days when his ship battled her way across the Atlantic.

We have dealt at some length with the case of Mr. Percival Cooper, because it is one of desperate hardship. Truly he is a victim of cruel circumstances.

# ALL IN THE AIR!

BY means of advertisement through a business agency investors are being sought for a concern with the high-sounding title of Aviation Commerce.

The business agency informed prospective investors that Aviation Commerce proposed to carry out:

Joy flights and holiday flying.

Freight services.

Club flying for prospective pilots.

There was also a suggestion that the takings of the concern for the past eighteen months had amounted to £4,000.

"Our business is all branches of commercial aviation, which offers unlimited scope for development," states W. A. Turner, the general manager of Aviation Commerce, in a letter to a man who is being asked to entrust £600 of his money to the enterprise.

* * *

"We have workshops in London for reconditioning aircraft and dealing in aircraft and spares," adds Mr. Turner. "We own three aircraft, which we propose flying from our summer headquarters at Camber Aerodrome, Sussex. It is proposed to establish a permanent flying club at Camber, which is assured the support of many residents of Rye and district."

It *sounds* an excellent scheme, as thus propounded, but the truth about Aviation Commerce is rather less alluring.

* * *

Aviation Commerce was registered under the Business Names Act only in January of this year, and is owned by three partners: William Augustus Turner, Harry Edwin Head, and Albert Head. The "head office" was two small rooms above a shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, but that had latterly been closed, while the "aero engine department" is housed in premises in West Norwood, shared by several other firms.

There is no trace on the latest civil aircraft records of any airplanes being owned by Aviation Commerce, which are registered; neither is Camber Aerodrome licensed by the Air Ministry to the concern. Only one of the partners now holds a flying certificate.

It is proposed to form Aviation Commerce into a private limited company, and, according to the figures of Mr. W. A. Turner, the profits during the coming flying season are likely to be £2,000.

We suggest that any person approached to entrust money to this highly speculative proposition would do well to make the fullest enquiries.

* * *

At the present time, when aviation is so much in the forefront of public interest, all manner of flying schemes, supposed to be large profit-makers, are in prospect.

They should all be reviewed with the greatest care before they are financially supported.

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*Austria's young Fascists; their knives are engraved "Blood and Honour"...*

*Hitler Youth groups spend their week-ends in "sports" camps—learning military strategy . . .*

TRAMP, *tramp, tramp . . .!* Across all the frontiers of Europe there comes the ominous sound of marching feet, the feet of youth in countless thousands marching—

*WHERE?*

"Youth's the thing" have said the statesmen. And so a few of them, to bolster up dictatorships based on drunken nationalism and their own megalomania, have embarked on the greatest betrayal and exploitation of youth the world has ever known.

The news of the past few days has told us to where this great army of youth is marching.

The conscription of youth—on a wholesale scale—has been the object behind the so-called "health and physical culture" movement in these European countries. This concealed purpose is now unveiled, in the *real* conscription order made by Hitler last week.

From the Vistula to the Rhine, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean there are now, at a conservative estimate, more than 10,000,000 youths—and children—in whose ears rattle the voices of drill sergeants, "tactics" instructors, and so-called "youth leaders"

All the bright enterprise of youth, all its ardour and keenness, has been channelled into the purposes of war and arms. Daytime games are played to drumbeats and the staccato rasp of orders. "Good-night" is spoken to them through a thousand loud-speakers, by the same voices, plugging the same themes of national hatreds, of war and death. . . .

## Idol of youth

*Tramp, tramp, tramp . . .*

Through the pylon gateways of the Hitler Youth Camp in the hills beyond Munich come swinging 6,000 boys of all ages from twelve to eighteen.

They march to the rousing, thumping tune of the "*Horst Wessel Lied*," Germany's new national anthem, the song of a youthful Storm Trooper who in 1930 "died for the Nazi revolution." In five years the murdered Nazi student, Horst Wessel, has been put in the Nazi Valhalla alongside the German gods Odin and Thor, and made the idol of German youth.

Six thousand young voices chant in unison the bellicose, arrogant words of the *Lied* as they march on to the parade field of the camp.

"*For the last time the Reveille has sounded,*
*For battle see us stand in stern array . . .*"

There is a last fanfare by the boy trumpeters and then they stand in serried ranks to be addressed, through loud-speakers, by the "Operations Leader," after their morning route march and field exercises.

## Scared to refuse

That is Saturday noon in Germany to-day for the 6,000,000 of the Hitler Youth. This spring and summer there will be hundreds of camps all over Germany like this camp near Munich. By Hitler's order, school is to be for five days a week. Saturday is to be free for the Hitler Youth Camps.

Few German parents dare refuse to allow their boys to join the movement, "so that," as Hitler says, "in State-created sports and exercises they may be moulded into strong, healthy citizens, with the right ideals of Nazi manhood."

Pressure is also brought to bear on employers to release on Saturdays their office boys, junior clerks, apprentices and all other labour under eighteen years, so that they spend their week-ends at the Hitler Youth Camps.

What are these "State-created sports and exercises" that are being drummed into Young Germany? What is the Nazi idea of organised sport with which to "mould strong, healthy citizens"?

Let us go with young Hans—who can be any of that 6,000,000—and see how he spends this day at the Hitler Youth Camp.

First, let us look at the camp itself. Squat pylons, wreathed with evergreens and Swastika emblems, adorn the entrance. Just inside the gateway is a guard-house, a hut complete with sentry-box, a queer erection for a "sports ground." All along one side of the huge green enclosure are huts and tents, built and furnished according to army pattern, for the boys who will spend their week-ends at the camp.

Half a mile across the enclosure are more huts, and in the distance what look like long white lines. Running tapes? No! Running is not the Nazi idea of sport.

The white lines are "position tapes" familiar to every man who served in the war—the white tapes pegged in the ground at night to guide troops to breaches made in Front Line wire, to mortar and machine-gun positions, to assault positions.

Between these tapes young Hans is not taught how to do 100 yards in "even time," nor how to step a hurdle, nor how to pass a relay baton—but how to outflank a machine-gun post, how to take cover, how to assemble at a position with maximum speed and minimum risk.

And these other huts? Gymnasium, changing rooms, squash courts? No!

One is an indoor rifle range, another is an ordnance lecture theatre complete with tables littered with gun and rifle parts, with shells, bullets and fuses, stripped and bisected to show their working parts. Yet another is a lecture theatre—its walls covered with map-reading charts and tactical diagrams.

In the centre of the enclosed country area of the camp is a huge green space, flanked with loud-speakers, called the "Thingplatz." Here the boys parade after each item of their day's "sport practice" and at the end of the day. Beyond this space, usually placed on a slight rise, so that it is visible everywhere, is the main feature of the camp, an enormous black hoarding.

## Skirmishes

It is crowned with flaring red cressets and at its base are planted flags and Nazi emblems wreathed in evergreen. Painted on it in ten-feet letters is the slogan of this "sports ground"—the confession of its object—the message which is drummed into the eyes of youth: "*We are born to die for Germany*" ("*Wir sind zum sterben für Deutchland geboren*"). In case young Hans' eyes might miss its message in the dark it is lit at night with floodlights.

In such a camp young Hans and a big proportion of his 6,000,000 comrades will spend their week-ends this spring, summer and autumn.

If he spends the full week-end there, as most of them will do, he will leave his home on Friday evening (after school or work) and arrive at the camp late on Friday night and go to his hut and bed.

On Saturday morning he is roused about daybreak by bugles, and after ablutions follows about thirty minutes' physical training. There is a general "flag" parade at 7 a.m., and then breakfast. At 8 a.m. the work of the day begins.

The day's routine at these "sports" camps is laid down in the Manual for the Hitler Youth, written by a Captain Remold, one of the dreaded S.S.—the "Black Police" who are Hitler's chief arm. It is nothing more or less than a manual of military instruction, but the time-table is far more intensive than that which would be asked of an average recruit in the British Army or a cadet at Sandhurst.

First, young Hans goes out for two hours' field exercises. This form of "sport" includes such items as distance judging, observation work, the utilisation of the country features for cover, and open-order skirmishing. All these exercises are given under military instructors.

After a short rest, there follows a long route march until midday, when young Hans and his friends assemble on the Thingplatz for another flag parade and to have Nazi ideals bawled at them through loud-speakers.

## Torch parades

There is a short rest after the midday meal and then at 2 p.m. range exercises with light rifles for an hour. From 3 till 6 p.m. there are lectures on the use and care of weapons, including grenades and rifles, light and heavy machine-guns, light and heavy *minnenwerfers* and other such sporting devices!

In the course of the afternoon, a mere half-hour or so will be sandwiched in for organised drill, gymnastics, running or jumping and a

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few of the other real sports which are the supposed purpose of the Hitler Youth Camps.

At nightfall the boys assemble again on the Thingplatz for sing-songs, torch parades, under the shadow of the black hoarding with its floodlit message. Or else, perhaps, young Hans and his friends will be ordered to a lecture in one of the huts on such peaceful subjects as "The German Saar," "The Ruhr and Reparations," "The Dawes Plan and the Young Plan."

All the foregoing are actual extracts from the curriculum at a Youth Camp.

A last harangue through the loud-speakers, and then to bed!

Sunday is very little different from Saturday. How little different can be gathered from the fact that Pastor Zahn, the official Chaplain to the Hitler Youth Camps, has recently protested to the Government against the hypocrisy of his job.

The leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach, had taken no notice of his many protests that merely warlike and anti-Christian activities were drummed into the boys on the Sabbath. "I can no longer keep silent," said Pastor Zahn in his memorandum last December. But it is hardly likely that the German Government will take more notice than the Youth Leader.

The avowed purpose of the camps—that they exist for the physical training of youth—is, of course, a lie. The parents of Hans and his friends know it, but they can do nothing about it if they would. All Germany knows it.

The physical training and the open-air life which are converting these boys and youth into legions of sun-browned young fitness are only incidental to the real purpose—that of building up a vast cadre of nearly trained soldiers, who in a month or so can be turned into fully trained soldiers. Or as a reservoir for the Reichwehr, German's specialist army of 100,000 strong—100,000 officers, every one of them—that same army which, according to Hitler, is to be 400,000 strong in a few weeks. . . .

And so when on Sunday night young Hans and his friends march out of the pylon gateway again, lifting young voices in the *Horst Wessel Lied* along the dusty leagues which reach to home and the business of living, he and they have learned a lot about the business of dying.

Hans may not know much about how to nurse a "second wind," but he will know how to handle a machine-gun. He may not know at all how to spin a cricket ball, but he will know how to throw a hand-grenade. He will, in the words of the *Angriff*, one of Germany's official papers) be "the Hitler Youth, a new type, a heroic type, the child and youth who will die for his ideal as the soldier does in war."

*Tramp, tramp, tramp . . .*

Over the borders, over the Alps—in Italy—more legions of young marching feet, marching—where?

More young voices raised in a marching song—"*Giovanezza*" this time—Italy's new national anthem—the song of youth, the hymn of youth's betrayal.

They are Mussolini's *Ballila* and the Juvenile Fascists. There are 4,000,000 of them, frankly declared by Mussolini a month ago as receiving "pre-military training." Mussolini believes in "catching them young"—their ages range from eight to eighteen.

In 1926 the *Ballila* was a purely sports organisation. It became famous for introducing a sports hour into every Italian school, then an unheard-of item in the curriculum.

Two years ago the organisation was taken over and ordered to drop its concentration on physical culture and such effete matters as running, jumping, rowing, football and other field sports.

## *Handling rifles*

Its job now is, in the words of Mussolini's decree last autumn, "to spiritually, physically and militarily prepare all youths from eight years to the moment they are called to the Colours, so that, when they take their places in the armed forces, they are able to devote themselves exclusively to warlike training. . . ."

Every town and village in Italy now has its camp for the *Ballila* (eight to fourteen) or the *Avanguardia* (fourteen to eighteen). At an age when an English boy is a "wolf cub" learning to make knots so that he can be promoted eventually to a Boy Scout troop, little Pietro is enrolled in the *Ballila* and learns how to put a gas-mask on. Thereafter he becomes an *Avanguardia*, at fourteen, he progressively learns how to handle rifles and machine-guns and even tanks.

Last autumn, Mussolini, at the annual Campo Dux at Rome, reviewed 30,000 little *Avanguardisti*. A special innovation was that each boy was armed with a rifle and bayonet, as much his property as, say, a regular soldier's in the British Army. And he knew how to use it.

Mussolini has never concealed his intentions with regard to the programmes at these Italian Youth Camps. Sports and games there are, but by the Duce's order they are "war" sports and military games. Young Italy must be made fit by physical training, but only so that it can bear arms.

Football and track sports of every kind are barred until youths have finished their term of military service. Even school studies, after the week-ends at the camps, now include a detailed programme of military subjects personally devised by Mussolini. They are compulsory and "the object is to give the boys a taste for military matters and fit them for leadership."

* * *

*Tramp, tramp, tramp . . .*

Over the borders again come young marching feet. They belong to Austria's young Heimwehr groups, tens of thousands strong, painfully modelled after the Hitler Youth in training and organisation, singing the same songs, fed with the same stories dinned constantly into their ears. They proudly carry an innocent-looking camping knife. But if you draw it from its sheath you see engraved on the blade, "Blood and Honour." . . .

Over the borders again is Rumania with its youth guard, also with the same ideals and training. Poland — Bulgaria — Turkey swiftly following in the wake of this bright idea of Hitler's and Musselini's. "Give us the children," they cry, "and you can keep the rest." . . .

## *Robot cohorts*

Nearer home we are just beginning. So far we have merely got a display of many-coloured haberdashery about the streets of London, Dublin, Manchester and a few smaller towns in between. . . .

But what of those others—what of the robot cohorts of Hitler Youth, the *Avanguardisti*, the *Polskie* Legions—those children who are being trained to die before they begin to live—the young men who menace Europe?

*Tramp, tramp, tramp . . .*

If you listen with your inner ear you can hear them . . . the countless thousands of those young marching feet . . . marching to the greatest betrayal of youth that the world has ever known . . . marching—*where?*

*. . . While Mussolini catches them younger still, and puts rifles into the hands of his child followers*

No more worries about Billy since we changed to Rowntree's!
THERE'S BILLY ALL BY HIMSELF AGAIN. HE ALWAYS SEEMS TOO TIRED TO JOIN IN.
I'M SO WORRIED HE EATS LOTS OF GOOD FOOD AND STILL LOSES STRENGTH
I KNOW. MY BOY WAS THE SAME TILL I GAVE HIM ROWNTREE'S COCOA - IT HELPS DIGESTION SO YOU GET MORE GOOD FROM FOOD
AND NOW
DOESN'T BILLY LOOK WELL AND STRONG? I'VE NOT HAD A DAY'S ANXIETY ABOUT HIM SINCE WE CHANGED TO ROWNTREE'S!
No more worries about Billy—
Mrs. WALKER, 270 Shipley St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
"I was worried about Billy. He seemed so tired and listless and wouldn't join in games with the others. Then a neighbour recommended Rowntree's Cocoa. Her boys had been the same and Rowntree's had helped their digestion and made them get more good from their food. I tried Rowntree's for Billy at once, and soon he was a different boy. Now he's full of life and fun."
FREE Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. XDS, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York, for Free Gift Booklet, which includes many children's gifts.
ROWNTREE'S PURE COCOA
5½d. per ¼-lb. tin
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# STILL ALIVE

## Thanks to my Dog!

*"I put my hands out blindly, caught the girl by the shoulders and pulled"*

## JOHN BULL Readers' Stories No. 123

NOTHING ever seemed to happen in our quiet Yorkshire valley. Not until about two years ago when drama came riding down to us from the encircling moors in a shabby, tarpaulin-roofed caravan.

Our farm is a modest place, cupped in a green hollow by a small stream. The house and outbuildings flank the one road that runs from the neighbouring market town down through some of the loneliest and most forbidding countryside imaginable. Still, it is our little world—and we are contented enough.

My husband can only afford the help of one shepherd and a labourer who fulfils the part of general handyman. The work is arduous and unceasing; and apart from an occasional jaunt into the town or to outlying neighbours, our lives are spent in deep seclusion.

❖

We have our excitements, such as fighting the floods in the winter time, succouring our sheep when sudden blizzards threaten them, long nights of sweating toil during lambing season, stranded motorists seeking shelter when snow drifts imprison them in our valley. . . .

But these things are part of our existence, and we never think of them as tremendous adventures—as something exciting and thrilling and unforgettable, like the arrival in our midst of the gipsy's caravan.

I was working in the kitchen when I saw the rickety vehicle jolt past the window and come to a stop just by the front porch. A tall boyish-looking gipsy, hatless, and with a gay cravat knotted carelessly round his neck, came to the door. He had not the accustomed assertiveness of his race, nor the flashing boldness in the dark eyes.

He seemed shy, and quite incapable of that fierce retort, rapier-sharp, which is their defence by vagabond inheritance. He held out a can, and in a soft, singing voice asked me if he might have some milk in return for which he would repair any chairs, or baskets, or solder kettles and milk pans.

I looked past him and saw a young girl, probably not out of her 'teens, sitting on the top step of the caravan, holding in her arms a tiny baby. She smiled as I looked at her—a proud smile, lacking that insolence I had known from past experience.

I was alone at the time. The men were down in the meadows. It happened that there was a cane-bottomed chair in the bedroom which had burst some strands. So I brought it out to him and he sat down by the door and did the job quickly and neatly.

As he took his can of milk he asked if he might put up for the night down by the stream. He told me, in a voice that fascinated me, that they had come from North Wales and were making for the Great North Road, down which they intended to travel by easy stages to reach Epsom in time for the Spring racing meeting there.

I had no objections; and I knew my husband was too easy-going to bother his head about a couple of young nomads born to wander on for ever. But I warned him to keep his dog away from the sheep in case it started worrying them.

It had come running from the caravan while we were talking; it was a huge, long-legged mongrel, black and brown, with a comical white splash across its forehead, which looked for all the world like a mask tied round its ragged ears.

It examined me carefully, keeping at a safe distance; then it walked round its master and trotted back to the caravan to sit beside the girl and her baby as still as a stone statue.

He assured me they would do nothing to anger us, and I watched the caravan jolt its way past the end of the yard and down the grass slope to Green Bottom, as we called the stretch of level ground, which ended in a steep bank just above a curve of the stream.

At dusk that evening, as I was pulling down the blinds, I saw the girl pass with an armful of twigs; and, later, as I went out to lock up the hen-house and the barn I saw the blue wood smoke curling up from the piece of rusty rain-pipe which pierced the top of the caravan.

The next morning we were up early. After my husband had gone to the market I strolled across the yard in the bright spring sunshine to gather in the eggs. A haze of smoke lay across the hollow. I glanced at it casually—then I looked intently, and what I saw made my heart race.

Dense clouds of smoke were billowing out of the caravan from the top half of the door, which was swinging in the breeze.

Not quite understanding, I put down my basket. Then I began to run—slowly at first, but faster as my fears rose up.

There was no one about. There was not even any sign of the dog. I was convinced something terrible had happened, and when I reached Green Bottom I was so afraid that for a moment I stood paralysed with my breath hurting me. I looked back to the house. Then I remembered that there was no one there to help me.

I managed to climb up the creaking wooden steps. I pushed open the bottom half of the door. The smoke curled over me and set me gasping and coughing. It cleared as the breeze lifted it up for an instant. And I cried out when I saw stretched on the floor the figure of the gipsy girl.

Her head was towards the doorway as if she had made an effort to escape; wrapped in a shawl was the bundle of babyhood, the mother's arms tightly encircling it. A tongue of flame licked down from the roof, and with a vicious crack the middle spar of the framework fell apart, sending the blazing tarpaulin flopping about us.

I put out my hands blindly, caught the girl by the shoulders and pulled. I had just enough strength left to drag her head and shoulders clear of the doorway, where they hung over the top step. I snatched the baby from her tight clasp and it stirred and whimpered.

❖

Thank heaven, I whispered to myself, it was all right. I laid it on the grass, with the shawl protecting it. Then I went back to the mother and, with panic spurring me on, I hauled her clear, letting her slide not too gently down the steps to the soft ground.

As I was kneeling over her I heard a shout, and as I looked up the mongrel came tearing towards me, its teeth bared savagely. It drew up quickly, sliding the last yard or two on its sharp haunches; it looked at its young mistress

*(Continued on page 28)*

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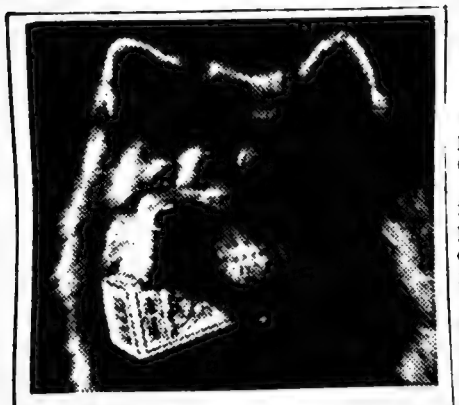

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**That cold may mean trouble later on . . . catarrh, deafness, head noises, loss of smell and voice.**

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**POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES**


## STILL ALIVE.. Continued from page 26

# In the Path of DESTRUCTION

and then at me. It walked towards her, put out its tongue and touched her pale cheek.

Its hackles rose stiffly and I was afraid it was going to attack me. But it rushed past with a leap to stand at the foot of the steps, baying hoarsely at the flame and smoke.

Feet pounded on the soft grass, and I saw the young gipsy. He had been out on a hunting expedition. His catch—three rabbits—was thrown from him as he ran towards us crying out something in Romany.

He picked up his wife effortlessly and carried her down to the stream, where he held her with one arm and splashed her freely with the icy water. She came round slowly. His joy and relief were pathetic. Tears were in his eyes as he brought her back and put her on the shawl beside the baby, which was sleeping unconcernedly.

"Thank you, thank you, lady," he said to me. Without another word he lifted a bucket from a hook under the caravan. Weak now after the crisis, I watched him tear to and from the stream carrying pails full of water and sluicing out the interior of the caravan until the last smoke curled away on the breeze and only a blackened shell on four wheels remained of what had been their home.

❖

"We'll build another one," he told his wife, who was weeping quietly. "But we'll never be able to repay the lady."

She stretched out a hand and stroked my fingers, inarticulate with gratitude and grief.

"You'd better sleep in the barn till you've repaired your caravan," I told them.

"You're good, lady," the girl replied. "You'll get your blessing."

And feeling that that was thanks enough I went back to the house and made myself a cup of tea. Then I called out to the gipsy and gave him a canful of hot tea and some bread and butter to take back with him to Green Bottom.

Life went on its quiet way after that. At the end of a fortnight—with Joe, the handyman, lending occasional help—the caravan was ready for the road once more, the roof repaired with some old sacking my husband gave them, and weather-proofed with tar. On the morning they went away the gipsy came to the kitchen door, his mongrel by his side.

"Will you have Chag, lady?" he asked, and pointed to the dog. "It's all we have to give."

I was dumbfounded and deeply touched. This was wealth and joy and companionship they were willing to sacrifice on the altar of humble gratitude. I shook my head; words were too much for me at the moment.

"He will look after you. You will be glad. He is a good dog, lady."

"No, I couldn't," I told him. All the happiness went out of his eyes. "I did just what anyone would have done—and you need your dog," I added.

"We never forget good or bad," he replied with feeling. He glanced down at the dog, which had been standing motionless the while. "Take him, lady. He'll pay you back for me one day."

Again I remonstrated. Suddenly he bent down to the dog. He stroked its ears and pulled its head against his knee. He said something to it in Romany. Then he smiled up at me.

"He'll never desert you, lady!"

Before I could say anything he had jumped up on to the front of his caravan. His whip cracked. The girl waved from the doorway—and the strange little family trotted out of my life. Their mongrel remained where it had stood during our conversation. Not until the caravan had disappeared over the horizon did it move.

❖

It came to me, its tail wagging. It reached up gently and licked my hand. Then it stretched itself out on the step, sank its nose into its paws, glanced up at me under its eyelids, and went to sleep as if it had always belonged there.

We had a dog of our own, a trained sheep-dog. My husband wanted to give the mongrel away; but I felt I couldn't do that. As the days went past Chag made friends with our collie. But wherever I went about the farm it faithfully followed, watching me all the time. Now and again during the months that followed I saw it walk down to Green Bottom, nose around the old camping site for ten minutes, and then wander back to take up its sentinel-post by the kitchen step.

About a year after the gipsies went away there was a great stir in the valley. It started one day, almost before sunrise, when a carload of men and machinery arrived and work was begun driving a tunnel through the hillside above us to take a main-water pipe from the reservoir three miles away.

❖

All day traction engines hauled plant and material up and down our roadway; for weeks the turmoil went on, and the quiet that once was became a ceaseless hum of activity with frequent thunderclaps of blasting as the rock was cut away for the tunnel.

One morning, on a day of blustering wind and rain, Chag came rushing into the kitchen to career round me excitedly, prancing on his hind legs and pawing me furiously.

Several times I knocked him away impatiently, telling him not to be silly. But he persisted, so much so that he almost succeeded in knocking me over when I was carrying a kettleful of boiling water to scour out some utensils in the milk-house.

I was angry. I took a broom to him. But he caught me by the hem of my apron and tugged, growling fiercely. Almost at a run he pulled me out of the kitchen and across the yard. Then he let go, ran round me barking loudly and rushed off ahead, looking back every few yards to see whether I was following.

Wondering, thinking to humour him, I went after him slowly, and I found that he was leading me down to Green Bottom. A grim sense of foreboding disturbed me as I watched him squat down on the very spot where the caravan had been.

I suddenly felt afraid. I looked back towards the house—then I shrieked and stood petrified, my hands to my throat.

A steam wagon, piled high with reinforced concrete pipes, was careering down the hill towards the house. With a rising din of tearing and wild shouting and hissing steam it swayed insanely backwards, rushing like some insensate juggernaut with death and destruction in its path. With a great crack of doom it hit our house—and I fainted.

❖

Some of the workmen, terrified for my safety, had been searching for me when they heard Chag howling from the hollow. They found him standing guard over me, and they carried me back to the house—or, what remained of it. The wagon had completely wrecked the kitchen, coming to a stop with its twisted wheels against the wall of the parlour beyond.

As I gazed round the hideous wreckage the only thing I could think of in the midst of my emotion was the fact that but for Chag I would have been under the still-hissing monster. The gipsy's mongrel, by some uncanny miracle of premonition, had most certainly repaid whatever debt there was—and with interest far beyond human calculation!

*"The Greatest of These—"*

# —or the Workhouse

*Denis*

BABY Denis, who is three months old, is suffering from whooping cough, and is calling to our readers for help. His mother writes:—

"I am a mother of three children, eldest three and a half; the next one year and ten months, and baby three months. Since birth of baby, I have only received two pounds from my husband, and I am unable to get any definite information about him or his whereabouts. I am told to go into the workhouse with the three children.

"I have a little home here (several weeks' rent unpaid). I do not wish to have to give this all up, especially my babies, through no fault of my own, so could you help me?"

This is a very short appeal, backed by a recommendation stating that the mother of Denis is "almost destitute and is worthy of assistance. The case is absolutely genuine."

We place this mother and her three babies in the hands of all lovers of children, confident that they will send donations earmarked "Denis." "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water . . . verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

William's mother, for whom we appealed recently, writes: "I am writing to you to thank your readers for the splendid response to your appeal on my behalf.

"I am now able to pay the whole debt owing for my husband's funeral, for which I am so very, very thankful.

"Both William and I feel, to-night, quite overwhelmed with gratitude, and to you and your readers we say: We THANK YOU."

And this from an applicant helped with a small grant from our general fund: "I wish to thank you and all kind friends who helped me in my distress. I heartily thank you all on behalf of myself, wife and children. I have managed to clear up my rent, which was my really large trouble, as when you have little children it is heart-breaking to be ejected from your home."

Donations earmarked "Denis," or those intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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*H. A. WILD.*

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Other varieties—Chef Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consommé, Chicken, Kidney.

# Unfit to MARRY

*SHOULD she go to the altar with the shadow of a tuberculous sanatorium over her—her bride-room-to-be ignorant of the fact?*

THERE is a well-known Yorkshire motto, "Hear all; say nowt." That is on all-fours with the proverb, "Silence is golden." Unquestionably, a great many of us speak too much. And there are times when we would give anything to withdraw something that we have said.

But it is equally true to say that silence can be productive of great harm. There is a time when, for the sake of others as well as ourselves, we must speak. I have before me three letters which vividly illustrate this truth. The first is from a girl, who tells me this story:

"I have been engaged to my boy for four years. Three years ago he secured a position abroad. I loved him very much and was delighted that he was going to better himself, and we thought only of the happiness that would be ours if he succeeded in his new work.

"He now writes to say that he is coming home next month to marry me, and wishes me to return abroad with him after our marriage. But a great trouble has fallen on me. My doctor informs me that I am suffering from consumption, and advises me not to marry.

"I have kept this secret from my boy as long as I can, and now I must decide whether I should tell him or not. If I do tell him, I feel sure he will break from me, and as he means so much—in fact, everything—to me, I dare not think of the consequences if such a thing did happen.

"I have talked the matter over with my parents, and they seem to think that it ought not to interfere with my engagement, and they tell me that many couples get married under the same circumstances. I myself take a more serious point of view, but I feel I would clutch at any straw rather than lose him. I do, therefore, appeal to you for your advice, and hope that it will help me to decide."

MY readers will, I know, share the sympathy I feel for this correspondent. It is cruel luck to have to face a problem of this kind now that her marriage day has been fixed, after four years' engagement. But it is right to consider the question fully and frankly.

I can't agree with the attitude adopted by this girl's parents. What chance of happiness could there be if she was to marry her fiancé under what would really be false pretences? And there are these dangers to contemplate:

She might burden her husband with an invalid wife, and possibly pass on trouble to him and their children. There would also be the thought of her wilful deception and the probable reproach of the man she loves. These conditions, surely, could not make for happiness.

But before that stage is reached, there is this important matter to consider: This girl tells me that her doctor advises her not to marry. I am not told the extent of the trouble or whether a specialist has been consulted. A serious verdict of this kind warrants a second and expert opinion.

In these days so much progress has been made, not only in alleviating this complaint, but in eradicating it. The first thing, therefore, is to obtain further advice. And this should be done without any delay.

I HOPE, as a result, the news will be reassuring. Even if a cure is likely to take a little time, her young man, who has already waited four years, may be willing to wait until that can be effected. But if, alas, the judgment of her doctor should be confirmed, there is only one course open to her. It is only right that she should tell her fiancé. And to him must be left the final decision.

And "speak or remain silent?" is the crux of the next problem. My correspondent is a young married man, and this is what he says:

"I have been married for four and a half years, and I must say we have been very happy. I am 27 years old and my wife is 26. Her people are living in Ireland, and in November, 1933, I allowed her to go to them for a three months' holiday, but she did not return to me until late in May.

"Now what is worrying me is that my wife has recently given birth to a baby boy, which I know cannot be mine. She is due out of hospital soon, and what am I going to do?

"We have a very happy home; everyone thinks the world of her, and she means everything to me, but if the child isn't mine how can I love it as a father should? All I ask of you is: Should I carry on as usual and pretend I haven't noticed? This would keep my home together, and time may heal my wound."

Now here, again, my correspondent must make sure of his facts. Is he positive that the baby could not be his? Has he obtained medical opinion to this effect? There have been many cases where paternity has been established outside the usually accepted time.

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

If there is no possible room for doubt about his wife's unfaithfulness, I can't agree with his suggestion of carrying on as usual and pretending everything is all right. There could be very little happiness and peace of mind for him. He would never again be quite sure that he could trust his wife, and a real home life can never be built on suspicion.

I think, therefore, he should ask his wife to tell him the truth. If she admits her lapse and promises to keep straight in the future, I believe it will be possible for him to forgive her because he admits that "she means everything to him." Then it is up to the wife to prove herself worthy of his forgiveness, and in this way my correspondent would never have cause to regret his action.

In my third letter the young man in question is in a very difficult position, for the secret he holds concerns someone who is now dead. Here is the letter:

"I am an official at a colliery, 70 miles from my home town. I have no parents and was an only child. When I came here to work I went to lodge with some old friends of my family who had a daughter one year younger than myself. I found out, to my great regret, that she was engaged to a friend of mine, whose character, I knew, was not all she thought it to be.

"I had cause to reprimand him many times on his behaviour, and have even taken the blame for some of his misdeeds in order to keep his girl from shame.

"Fourteen months ago he was killed while riding his motor-cycle. Six months after that I was transferred to the day shift and commenced taking the girl out. I had always been in love with her, but this was my first opportunity.

"Eventually we became engaged, but two months ago she came to me one day with all the presents I had bought her and sobbingly told me that although she loved me she could not marry me as her former fiancé would always be on her mind. I could not persuade her to carry on with our engagement.

"She does not go out at all now, and seeing her grow thinner a doctor was called in, who says that if she does not stop worrying she will go into a decline. I know she still loves me and I still love her, and it is killing me to see her go down hill. Should I tell her that the other man was a rotter?"

Now this is the kind of problem that has to be handled with great delicacy and tact. I doubt if my correspondent would do any good by telling what he knows about the former young man. It would only leave painful thoughts in the girl's mind. And she might even despise him for destroying her faith in her first lover.

What is more, the man is dead, and whatever his faults he can't justify his conduct now.

WHAT I think my correspondent might do is to tell the whole story to the doctor and leave it to him to decide whether the girl should be told or not. He should know whether a revelation of this kind would be harmful in her present state of health.

Should the disclosure be thought advisable, then either her parents or some other trusted friend should tell her the facts—certainly not my correspondent.

What is wanted is that someone should help this girl to see how self-centred she has become. She must be made to realise that she owes a duty to others as well as to herself. Can't she be induced to take up some interest that will lift her out of herself?

Let her be shown that there are others in the world carrying a far heavier load than hers. In the presence of greater tragedies people forget their own. This girl seems to have much left to her in life. Once she is made to realise that, her troubles will soon fade away.

---

**Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.**

Nobody takes Milk and Poached Eggs to the Grand National . . .

**but . . .**

millions take **THIS** and get the same nourishment!

★ *Laboratory analyses show that a ¼ lb. of Cadbury's 'Milk' provides as much nourishment as a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast. Two pounds (weight) of fresh, full-cream milk go into each pound of this chocolate.*

# CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE ✿ *a most delicious food*

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

*The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 35.*

**Nestlé's Milk makes PORRIDGE *a treat***

# GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

**TROCADERO** Shoulder-cape Costume in a superfine coloured flock Suiting **Tweed** with small birds-eye check weave. Cut in the latest fashionable style with handsome cape and machine stitched stand up collar and square revers. Fitted with good quality leather belt, and lined with Art. Silk to tone. The skirt is cut in plain wrap-round style, with 3 button fastening, and mounted on strong petersham waistband. Shades: Stone, Fawn, Brown, & Blue Mixtures. Sizes: 34 W. to 0.8. Shirt Lengths 32 to 36in. Price **35/-** Terms 5/- Monthly.

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Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment, & a splendid choice, with a self-measurement form and all particulars will be sent per return of post

**J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD**

**5/- Monthly**

# WHY DOES MY Hercules CYCLE GLIDE SO EASILY?

*Why do I feel fresher nowadays, even after the longest run? I know it is through my new Hercules cycle's easy running. But how do they make it run so smoothly?*

## *because . . .*

Your Hercules cycle glides so easily because of the extra care and skill exercised in the making and assembling of its hundreds of separate parts, most of which are actually made by Hercules themselves. Hercules cycles are built and guaranteed by the largest manufacturers in the world, *who build nothing but cycles.* Hercules output in 1934 exceeded 600,000 cycles, more than twice that of any other maker. Because of this immense output Hercules can buy their raw materials at lower prices and can afford to employ the most accurate and costly methods in construction. These methods, beyond the reach of smaller cycle makers, are only possible to Hercules because their cost is spread over the whole of their world record output. That is why Hercules cycles, guaranteed for 50 years, actually cost you £1 *less* than other cycles.

**Go to the dealer who shows Hercules in his windows. Insist on Hercules. Don't be put off. You are choosing. You are paying. You will ride the cycle. You make sure you get Hercules.** Popular Model £3.19.9. New Safety £4.6.6. Southall Racers from £5.19.9. Ladies' from £4.5.9. Best of everything and full accessories. From 2/- weekly. Sturmey-Archer 3-speed 20/- extra.

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**2/- WEEKLY**

**Hercules**
NEW 'POPULAR' Best all-British steel frame. Super chromium plating. Dunlop tyres and rims. Accessories.
**£3 . 19 . 9**
(Ladies' New Popular 'L' £4.5.9)
OR EASY TERMS

**Hercules**
POPULAR 'S' Light Roadster. Specification as Popular model but with North Road raised handlebars and sloping top tube. Full accessories.
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NEW SAFETY 'C' Specially low-built. Roller lever brakes. Spring seat saddle. Super chromium plating. Accessories.
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# Hercules

B|A H.C.72

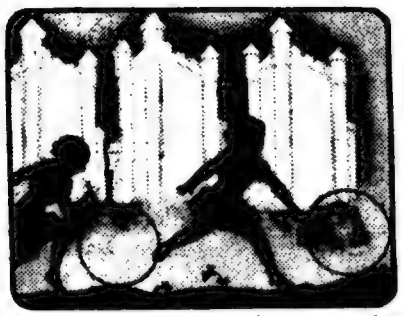
THE WORLD'S BEST RANGE OF CYCLES

*This is the lesson Bella had to learn*

Bella was upset when she knew why the girls wouldn't play with her. She felt ill too. Giant Decay thought it fun.

Then Bella's Mummie bought some Gibbs Dentifrice, and in the night Gibbs Archer told Bella about teeth being Ivory Castles.

These are the Gibbs Fairies cleaning and polishing Bella's Ivory Castles so that Dragon Dirt and Giant Decay cannot touch them.



Every morning and night Bella summons the Gibbs Fairies to clean her Ivory Castles, so she is always happy and bright and her teeth shining white. Everyone loves to play with her now.

**Gibbs Dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth safely and perfectly . . . purifies . . . defeats decay. Protects delicate enamel and tender gum tissue. Best for children; best for grown-ups. Clean, hygienic and economical. Change to Gibbs to-day.**

***Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with***

**Gibbs DENTIFRICE**

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d, 1/- & 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes • • • 6d & 1/-

GD99S


# SAYING IT WITH FLOODLIGHT

*It cost £16 16s. 8d. an hour to floodlight Buckingham Palace*

AMID the discussion that is going on all over the country as to whether the Royal Jubilee in May will be celebrated with ox-roasting or pageantry, "olde Englishe faire" or banqueting, one thing stands out as certain.

That is that the floodlighting of Great Britain will be the predominant feature of the celebrations almost everywhere. Important buildings of most of the cities and towns of the country, and of many of the villages as well, will be lit up with a soft and even glow that the sun might envy. We are going to "say it with lighting."

And it will not be a stunt, like the stringing up of coloured fairy lamps. JOHN BULL can reveal that the lighting industry has opened a trade fund to provide our most famous buildings with permanent equipment so that the floodlighting can be repeated whenever there is a big enough occasion in the life of the nation to justify it.

Floodlighting, by which is meant the illuminating of buildings or whole stretches of countryside or parkland with a diffused glow from a source which the eye cannot readily detect, has indeed come to stay. One day it will be as commonplace as bricks and mortar.

Already the lighting experts foresee the day when such national highways as the London-Brighton road will be floodlit from one end to the other, when our cathedrals and other masterpieces of architecture will display their best features, in all their intricacy, by night as well as day, and when the gates need not ever be closed on our biggest and most beautiful parks.

And in justification for their high hopes there is the big progress already made by this new mode of lighting, which one electrical authority described as "the first real change in the technique of lighting since we used rushlights."

Thanks to the new system we are already enjoying at night, when the day's work is over, such sports as greyhound racing, football, dirt-track riding, which until a few years ago were only possible by day. And that is only one of its many present-day uses.

It has already been introduced into one or two coal-mines, with excellent results. Although it cannot take the place of the miner's lamp altogether—the perils that would attend a general failure of light down a mine would be too great—it has been found that when the coal face is bathed in a soft light, accident risks are reduced, nystagmus eliminated, and the efficiency of the colliers increased to a surprising degree.

There was once a day when the diver had to carry a crazy little lamp down with him, perhaps strapped to his forehead. He worked in semi-darkness, in a world of eerie shadows. All he could see was whatever was just before his nose, and that not too clearly. But that has been changed by floodlighting.

To-day he can carry into the interior of a submerged ship apparatus that will enable him to see as clearly as if the whole ship had been hauled up for examination on *terra firma*. There are no shadows to deceive him. He could find a threepenny bit in a wreck, if you gave him time enough. And what is the most important feature of all, it minimises the hazards of his life.

Another important use for it has been discovered by the builder. It was just what he had always needed to enable a rush job to be completed in quick time, and, following a successful experiment at Southend, factories are now growing up by night as well as day all over the country.

The advantages of this will be apparent to building operatives in particular. How often have they known a galling sequence of fine nights following rainy days, their earnings suffering in consequence How they have cursed the rain that has come just as they were struggling to get a building finished on time.

Now the trade can work to a twenty-four hour clock, if the urgency of the job demands it. And so efficient is floodlighting that operatives can move about on ladders, tubular scaffolds, cranes and girders as safely at two in the morning as at midday.

Streets have been illuminated in this modern way experimentally, although the weakness of the system in times of fog is a disadvantage which both the electrical and gas industries admit and hope one day to remedy.

Open-air plays have been performed with such lighting, with great success. Margate and many other seaside resorts floodlight the sea to make night-bathing as safe and enjoyable—perhaps more enjoyable—than by day. Bridlington has floodlit its rough seas to provide visitors with a spectacle far more gorgeous than anything that can be seen in daylight.

And perhaps one of the happiest tributes ever paid to a man was that which marked the retirement of Eton's famous head, Dr. Cyril Alington. They floodlit the exterior of the college which he loved. Every little detail of it—there was not one with which he was not familiar—stood out with as much clarity as by day.

Floodlighting does not merely consist of bathing a building in light from a source that is not within the field of vision, so that it is not trying to the eyes. There is an art behind it as well.

Westminster Abbey, the Tower of Parliament, Buckingham Palace and Somerset House any of the thousands of buildings that have already been displayed in this way, would look for all the world as if they had been made out of cardboard if the floodlighting apparatus was just turned on them in an old way.

At certain angles the projectors would produce sinister distortions. A projector too near might mar a façade with shadows. One too far away might produce other faults.

All the art of the scenic artist has been called upon by the lighting industry to solve these problems. In fact, it is usual to make models of any important building it is intended to floodlight, so that the art of the architect is brought out instead of ruined by the lights.

There is no way known of giving building prominence at so small a cost as by the employment of floodlighting. Traders who tried it for a week in London during a conference of illumination engineers estimated that it brought them ten pounds' worth of business for every shilling they spent.

Running costs, of course, must depend on the price of electricity in the district, but the fact that the front of Buckingham Palace was bathed in the enormous intensity of 62,000,000 beam candles of lighting from 200 long-range projectors at a total cost of 16s. 8d. an hour is a good criterion.

There is apparatus to buy, obviously, but that is not dear. A 500-watt or 1,000-watt unit, more than enough for your house, can be bought for as low as £4 10s. Tenby, in South Wales, used nine such units quite effectively for beach lighting. Five would beautify the frontage of a kinema or theatre.

It was found that to floodlight the front of the National Gallery would cost just £130 a year and the Tower of the Houses of Parliament just the salary of another M.P. Cheap as it was, so many people went out to see Big Ben under such bright circumstances that the police had to move them on.

The novelty will pass from floodlighting after we have revelled in the beauties it will reveal in the heart of our own city, our own town, our own village during the Jubilee celebrations. But this will not mean the end of it.

It is a normal development of the times, a system of lighting that is bound to be more and more widely employed until one day, perhaps, floodlighting by gas or electricity—and wonderful results can be got from both—will be almost general.

So think, when you walk round admiringly during Jubilee week. What you see then will be a foretaste of the future.

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE STAR, JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL:—"Ships go there to LOAN groundnuts."

THE BURTON CHRONICLE:—"He had seen a man going off with over a cwt. of GOAL."

WIGAN OBSERVER AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER:—". . . and carried bouquets of INK tulips."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"One day, a month will be given for a woman SHIP-LIFTER."

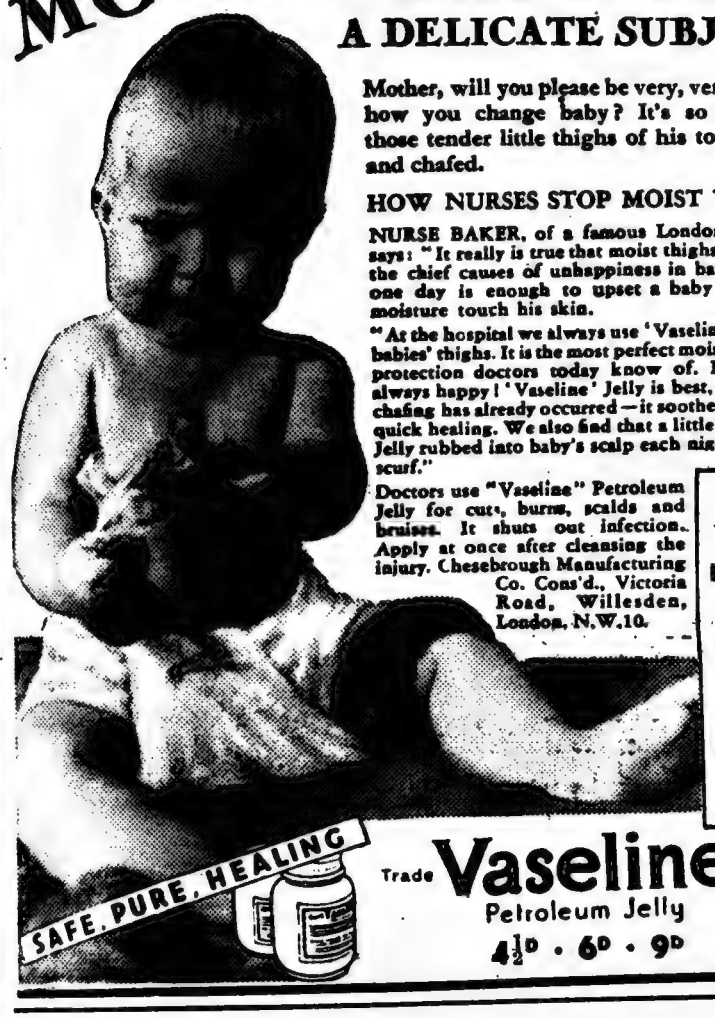
THE GREENOCK TELEGRAPH:—". . . so were the square chromium CANDLES which had been fixed to the door."

HEDNESFORD ADVERTISER:—"Unless the bull was placed behind a PETITION the other animals would have to be tied up as well."

THE LURGAN AND PORTADOWN EXAMINER:—"The different items, which were exceptionally well rendered, demanded well-deserved APPLES."

# MOTHER!

## A FEW WORDS ON A DELICATE SUBJECT



Mother, will you please be very, very careful how you change baby? It's so easy for those tender little thighs of his to get sore and chafed.

**HOW NURSES STOP MOIST THIGHS**

NURSE BAKER, of a famous London hospital, says: "It really is true that moist thighs are one of the chief causes of unhappiness in babies. Even one day is enough to upset a baby if you let moisture touch his skin.

"At the hospital we always use 'Vaseline.' Jelly on babies' thighs. It is the most perfect moisture-proof protection doctors today know of. Babies stay always happy! 'Vaseline' Jelly is best, too, where chafing has already occurred—it soothes and helps quick healing. We also find that a little 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed into baby's scalp each night prevents scurf."

Doctors use "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for cuts, burns, scalds and bruises. It shuts out infection. Apply at once after cleansing the injury. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

BRUISES
BURNS
CUTS

SAFE. PURE. HEALING

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly
4½D · 6D · 9D

V.J.7-2114



# To Millions of Women

THE incomes of millions of women depend entirely on the personal earning power of the husband. This earning power ends at his death.

There are three possible sources of income for his dependants: *His widow's own earning power, Charity, or Capital.*

The earning power of a woman without business training is negligible. Charity is uncertain. Therefore the income *must* come from capital.

***The average man cannot, except by life assurance, save sufficient out of his yearly income to provide the necessary capital.***

An assurance contract must be entered into while the husband has health and earning power. Think this over. Here is a proposition:—

A man who takes out a

PRUDENTIAL "Heritage" POLICY

can be sure that, should he die, his dependants will be provided for.

The policy provides, at death within 20 years

£100 *cash immediately.*

£3 *a week for the remainder of the 20 years.*

£900 *cash when the payments come to an end.*

If death occurs after 20 years, £1,000 is payable.

*The payment of* £1.10.0 *per annum extra premium will secure, in addition to these benefits, £1,000 in the event of death by accident.*

*To* THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

*Please supply me with particulars of your* "HERITAGE" *Policy.* *Age next birthday*.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 30.3.35 374



# Pork Pie

is nicer with

# MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard



**BABY'S IDEAL FOOD IN 6D. CARTONS**

Notice how contented and happy baby becomes immediately you feed him with Neave's. He will not only put on weight but will get stronger, healthier and free from all infantile complaints.

**Neave's Food**

On sale everywhere. Cartons 6d. Tins 1/3, 3/9.



FINE NEEDLEWORK, SMALL PRINT close work of any kind, places a severe strain on your eyes at this time of the year when artificial light is required for so many hours a day. Any qualified optician can supply you with special glasses to relieve all unusual strain on the eyes and avoid endangering your normal vision.

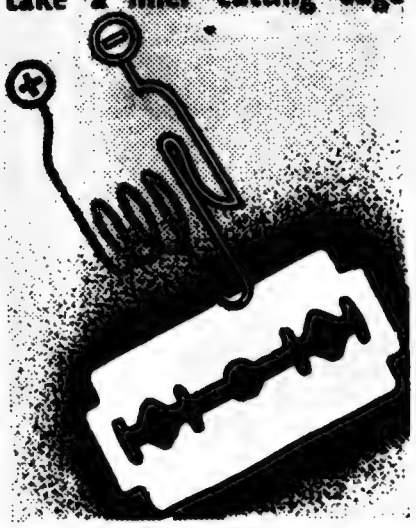
**Consult a qualified optician every year!**

*Issued by the* NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE PRESERVATION OF EYESIGHT

SIGHT IS MIGHT

When you see this sign you are safe. None may use it who are not Fellows, qualified by examination, of the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED BLADES
take a finer cutting edge



BECAUSE it is now possible as a result of Gillette's special electrical-tempering process, to get two tempers into one blade. Soft at the ends where it must bend to the razor—harder than ever down the sides to give the edging machines a real chance. Not only do you get a keener cutting edge than before, but the harder tempered edge gives a longer life to every blade.

LARGE PACKET 2/6 BLUE SMALL PACKET 1/3
GILLETTES

AWAY with Beetles & Cockroaches

Sprinkle Keatings at night in all corners and crevices and sweep them up in the morning DEAD. It leaves no after-smell.

Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-
Powder Flask 1/-

KEATING'S POWDER THE PROVED INSECTICIDE
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

# These Inventions won FORTUNES..

*Annie Turner invented yellow starch and was later hanged for murder . . .*

INVENTORS! Some conjure up a picture of the man of science poring over his test tubes—the astute business man bowed at his desk. Yet in almost every home there is one who regards himself or herself as a potential inventor. "If only I could patent this," they say. . . .

Indeed, many a huge fortune has been built up from a little idea—nearly always an idea that has had some simple origin . . . a flash of inspiration, an acute personal need. A chance word or action—and it has been born.

Everybody now knows of one such an example of an opportunity seized, a world-want supplied—that of the invention of Francis Henry Crittall, founder of the metal window firm, who died a few days ago.

Working as a young man in a humble blacksmith's shop in Braintree, he listened daily to the complaints of his neighbours about their window frames, and pondered over a solution. Things came to a head when he returned from work one day to find that his mother had strained herself trying to open a window swollen by the rain. He at once set to work and from that incident dated the foundation of the metal window-frame and a fortune for its inventor.

## She was hanged

But how many people know the romantic stories associated with some other inventors of a simple every-day need? Ribbed socks, for instance, which revolutionised the making of hosiery, were produced by accident in a Leicester factory.

A girl minding one of the sock machines failed to notice that one of the needles had broken—producing in several pairs of socks a solitary rib.

At first she was horrified at the accident—then it occurred to her that if she left out half a dozen needles a uniform pattern would result. She confessed her carelessness—at the same time putting forward her idea. The management was impressed, and the public was enthusiastic at the resultant pattern. The girl was suitably rewarded. Out of her accidental discovery fortunes were made.

Romance, suddenly turning to tragedy, was the experience of a poor girl named Annie Turner, who introduced yellow starch into England. Success, however, was her undoing, for she was convicted of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury and hanged. Her last request was that she be allowed to wear a ruff starched with her own preparation at the execution. It was granted.

One of the most important discoveries in the history of English inventions was that of the "latch" needle. For years Matthew Townsend, a Leicester hosier, worked in his shop, and finally produced the needle that paved the way for automatic knitting machines.

Accident and inspiration were jointly responsible for the discovery of the telescope by a poor optician named Hans Lippershey. Before fitting a pair of lenses into a spectacle frame he happened to hold them to the light to examine them for flaws

By chance they overlapped, and as he looked through both instead of one, he was suddenly struck by the greatly enlarged image of the near-by church tower. He made a tube, fitted the lenses one at either end of it, and the telescope had arrived.

The placidity of a cow chewing the cud is said to have inspired an American named Adams to introduce chewing gum to a grateful people.

Then the metallic heel. The inventor had the habit of walking on his heels, which had occasioned continual scolding from his wife. From his sufferings sprang the idea of the metal heel, which made over three hundred thousand pounds in royalties alone, and more than 143 millions were sold all over the world within a year of their invention.

A woman was responsible for the invention of the "crinkly hairpin," which produced an immediate fortune for her husband. Finding that her hairpins were constantly falling out and getting lost, she bent each one before using it. Her husband happened to see her doing this and realised the possibilities. He would supply the world. He did, and at the same time became a millionaire.

The inconveniences of the annual "spring clean" gave the inspiration to Mr. Booth, inventor of the first vacuum cleaner. "Why should it be necessary to turn the house upside down in order to clean it?" he asked. Suction would do the trick—and the husbands could sit calmly throughout it all. This invention went straight to the heart of the housewife—and the inventor was rewarded with a fortune.

For years men have been unable to reconcile the feud between their shirt, collar and the collar-stud. One of them in exasperation shouted: "Why don't they make them with movable tops?" "Well, why don't they?" his wife replied.

Being unable to find an answer the husband investigated, and patented the idea himself. The new stud was manufactured and thousands of half-strangled men all over the world breathed again. The inventor earned £5,000 a year in royalties

A seemingly obvious idea was the pencil eraser. It brought Mr. Lipman, its inventor, reward of £20,000 a year.

A mistake was responsible for the bath towel. A flaw in a weaving machine caused the threads to become tangled, and the material was thrown aside as waste. Later, while drying his hands on a piece, the manufacturer was surprised at its softness and absorbent qualities He made more—on purpose this time—and found a ready market.

## Dream fortune

Joseph Glidden, a cattle farmer, invented barbed wire. There was a shortage of timber—the cattle were straying. Suddenly he thought of wire. The cattle were undeterred. Then he introduced the barbs. The cattle suddenly became wise and stayed at home. The idea made £250,000.

A dream in which a savage king ordered him to make a sewing machine was responsible for the invention by Elias Howe of a needle that would draw the thread through the material in one action.

In his dream he was surrounded by savages all armed with spears pierced at the end. Howe realised the significance on awaking. The needle must have an eye at the end. The problem was solved, a fortune made.

The canning industry owes its origin to the experiment of a Paris chef named Appert. He bottled his preserves—dropped them in a water bath—and brought the temperature up to boiling. That was the humble beginning of an industry that has made one of the biggest fortunes the world has ever known.

The Institute of Patentees publishes a list of nearly a thousand badly-needed inventions to-day. Where is the man or woman who will devise a real anti-dazzle headlight? Or a light that will penetrate fog? A new household gadget, or a really ingenious use for old razor blades?

It may be you—or your next door neighbour. And there is a fortune waiting for either of you.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# Naps for Aintree

AT the moment of writing Golden Miller stands at 7 to 2 for the Grand National. Miss Paget's champion was an 8 to 1 chance when first tipped in these notes, and I trust all my followers obtained these odds.

I take Thomond II as the greatest danger to the "Miller," despite the tall stories of Tapinois.

Probably if Tapinois stands up he will beat the favourite, but I am banking on the French-bred son of Tapin coming to grief. There is no denying that he is well handicapped.

The "Miller" has to concede him 23 lb. at Aintree. In the Welsh Grand National (weights out last week) he has to give Tapinois only 9 lb. and in the Lancashire 'Chase 8 lb.

I hope to see the judge signal:

| | |
|---|---|
| Golden Miller ..... | 1 |
| Thomond II ..... | 2 |
| Southern Hero ..... | 3 |

Some time ago I called special attention to Dracula, a son of Pharos Dracula came up for us at the N.H. Festival and should again be noted for the Liverpool Hurdle. He is a champion in the making.

Indestructible may oblige in the Liverpool Spring Cup and I select Evasio Mon for the Foxhunters' 'Chase.

Red Hot Poker is a juvenile I suggest following for early engagements. He beat a big batch of his own age in a Newmarket trial, winning in impressive style.

## "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 28, to Wednesday, April 3.

U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P
Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96893 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

# SPRING JOY!

# GONE ALL THAT NERVY DREARY DEPRESSION!

"It is wonderful to have that 'Spring Joy' feeling after suffering for three winter months with Neuralgia, Nervy Depression and Debility. I had no appetite and was dreadfully run down. I was sleepless at night and during the day had to have my work done for me. I tried everything I could think of but found no benefit until I tried Phosferine and I began to feel myself again. I was surprised at the quick results, and I can do my work, sleep well at night and have regained all my energy. Phosferine has made me a different woman and I can recommend Phosferine to enjoy renewed vitality." *Miss G. R. Pratt, 2, Spring Gardens, Hawthorne Av., Hull.*

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The 3/- is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

**PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE** is a very pleasant medicated Wine of highest quality. It is specially valuable during convalescence, after influenza, or other illness. **3/9** large bottle.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

# NO RIVALS AT 8D NOT MANY AT MORE!

*Whatever you pay, no tobacco will give you more* downright pipe-pleasure than Afrikander gives . . . for 8d. an ounce!

# Afrikander MIXTURE

**8D AN OZ**

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*Mixture, Flake and Shag are available in ½-oz. packets 4d.*

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**6/-** NOW

Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

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I wonder what they put into Top Mill *Menthol* Snuff that clears up a sniffling cold so quickly?

With Top Mill in my pocket I'm "armed" for the winter.

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Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3s. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

# MANZAN

**Brand PILE REMEDY**

*To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.*

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If you are thinking of furnishing, Jay's Beautiful Photographic Catalogue will solve your problems. Write for a free copy! All furniture obtainable on easy terms and there's a Free Gift for purchasers who spend £10 or more. Fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 27, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Jay's Furnishing Stores, 248/250, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

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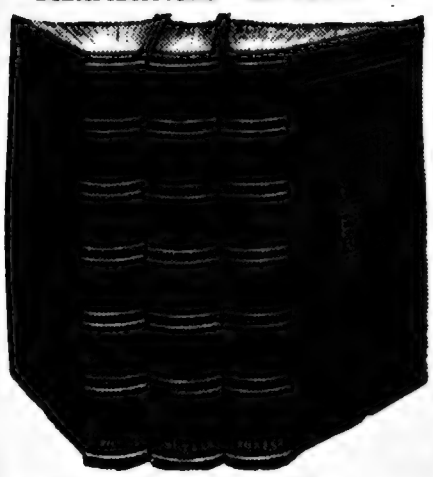

*Edited by* ALFRED G. GEESON, *A.R.I.B.A.*

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# A Black Letter Year for 2,000,000

*"Don't let the auctioneer's hammer fall to your bid unless you have first ascertained your full liability*

FOR considerably more than 2,000,000 small property owners 1935 is going to be a *black letter* year.

Every man who owns his cottage, his villa, his farm, or his shop on what is called a "copyhold" is in for big bills and a bad time this year. And all those who hold their property under what is called a "peppercorn" are also being landed with a grievous burden.

Both these holdings are survivals from the feudal past—but they are providing plenty of trouble in the present. Every week—all over the country—people are buying property under these forms of tenure. Some are houses on new estates, bought outright or through building societies, others are country cottages, farms, or shops bought by auction or private treaty.

Every man who may be contemplating purchasing property on this "copyhold" or "peppercorn" lease basis should be warned about what he may be letting himself in for—and we can do that best by describing what is happening now.

Property bought on a copyhold basis pays an annual "quit rent" to the lord of the manor or those persons who have bought the manorial rights. This quit rent varies usually from 6d. to a few shillings a year. A man who buys his house on this basis can be forgiven for assuming that such a negligible payment is "as good as freehold." Indeed, that phrase is often used as a strong selling point by estate agents and others disposing of the property.

Nobody knows how many copyholdings there are in this country. The Ministry of Agriculture, however, lists over 20,000 manors, many of whom own between 1,000 and 2,000 copyholdings. At an average of only 100 each we can arrive at a rough estimate of 2,000,000 copyholdings held in every town and rural area in Great Britain.

☆ ★ ☆

IN 1922 a Property Act was passed with the object of freeing the land from these feudal tenures. All these manorial rights of copyhold were to be extinguished by paying lump sums in compensation to the owners.

This could be done voluntarily within a certain term of years which now, in 1935, has expired. And so the bills are coming in.

A small garage proprietor in an East Sussex village who pays a quit rent of 4d. per annum has been served with a notice to pay its equivalent at 1,200 years' purchase. A Hertfordshire farmer whose "quit rent" is 1s. 6d. per annum has received a demand for £250. A Sussex shopkeeper with a "quit rent" of 1s. has just had a bill in under the 1922 Act for £150.

There seems to be neither rhyme nor reason about these demands.

The explanation is that in some parts of the country the manors carry ancient sinecure jobs, the holders of which must also be compensated for the extinguishment of the dues. For instance, there are "stewards of the manor" and "homagers."

Their job was to see that certain dues (which have been obsolete for centuries) were duly collected. But the present holders of these sinecures have never done anything, and their job has been just a petty country honour. Yet they are to be well paid for losing it.

A retired solicitor, steward of a manor in Kent, is to receive £5 each from six cottages in the village, under the new Act. The occupiers, half of whom are unemployed men, have each received bills of between £80 and £100. There are many hundreds of similar cases already being reported from all over the country.

Before the end of the year and the expiry of the voluntary term under the 1922 Act the number of these cases will have swollen a hundredfold.

Farmers are being told that besides securing their tenure by wiping out the copyhold with these payments, they will also wipe out the so-called "rights of heriot." The "right of heriot" is another feudal privilege whereby the lord of the manor could claim the "best beast" on the farm, if the copyhold changed hands. The heir of the manor could also take the best beast when the lord died.

But no lord of the manor has ventured to try his "right of heriot" for centuries, although that right may still exist in law. The attempt to offer it as a further inducement to pay these outrageous demands is mere impudence.

It is significant that, on the admission of several lords of manors, at least two-thirds of any sums they receive this year will go into lawyers' pockets. All over the country lawyers have been busy now for some years past examining manorial claims and musty title deeds. All these legal costs are put on to the bills which cottagers, farmers, and small property owners are now expected to pay.

The whole Act is, indeed, a golden Tom Tiddlers' ground for lawyers, a means of exploiting a feudal survival for the purpose of lining pockets of landowners and lawyers with much easy and ready cash.

The Government, we should think, have had enough trouble with the bitterly fought Church Tithe compositions during the past year, and they are now at their wits' end to redress this past error. But this new imposition on the copyholders, however, is going to give them still more trouble when its provisions are properly applied at the end of the year.

☆ ★ ☆

WITH regard to the other form of property holding—the so-called "peppercorns"—these leases are those for which, as the name implies, only one peppercorn per annum is demanded as rent. In other words, the rent is nil, since no landlord goes out of his way these days to demand a peppercorn each year from his tenant. Like copyholds these tenures are also sold "as good as freehold."

Occasionally these "peppercorns" have come into the market, but since the only rent yield from them is one peppercorn per annum they have not fetched much money. Usually the tenant of the property has bought out the peppercorn lease for a few shillings.

The owner of such a lease has, however, the right to insist that the property it is held upon is kept in as good a condition as any other leasehold which represents a capital investment.

On this point a very profitable ramp is now being worked by many astute individuals. We can illustrate it best by the case of one reader.

He went to an auction room to bid for the peppercorn lease of his house—more from sentiment than anything else. To his astonishment the bidding went to £30. He departed laughing at the apparent idiocy of people who would pay £30 for something which would bring them in "one peppercorn per annum."

☆ ★ ☆

LATER, he did not laugh. He received a letter a few days after the auction from the purchaser saying that this gentleman was sending a surveyor along to look over the property. The surveyor arrived, and was received without qualms by our reader, who had just had his house completely done up.

*A week later he received an order to carry out a lengthy list of repairs (many non-existent, others not necessary) from the purchaser. Attached to this schedule was a note to say that he might like to acquire the freehold interest in his house for £50.*

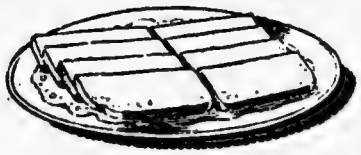
He wrote back at once, telling them that the surveyor must be mistaken, and giving the reasons in detail, at the same time stating that he himself attended the sale of his lease, and thought that the difference between £30 and £50 represented a rather exorbitant rate of interest.

This letter was ignored, *but three months later came a writ for possession of the premises "owing to breach of covenant in failing to carry out repairs, etc."*

Our reader approached the building society from whom he was buying the property. Their lawyers pointed out that he had a clear defence against the writ, but, even if he won, the peppercorn purchaser could make it "so hot for him" that in the end he would be forced to buy.

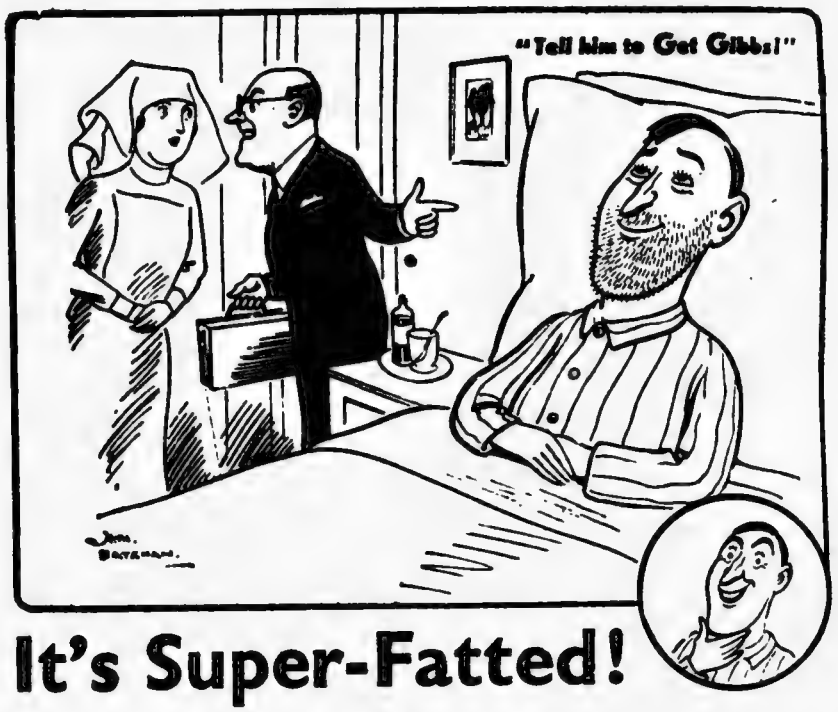
Indeed, similar pressure was also being put on his neighbours; and so at last he did buy the lease, and was compelled to pay a huge profit to the original purchaser. In London alone it is estimated that there are some 1,500 of these "peppercorn" leases.

Copyhold or peppercorn—our final advice to any of our readers who are at the moment being urged to buy something "as good as freehold" is to think twice before they buy.



# There is more food value in a slice of **Bread** than in any other food at the same price

CFH 34

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# GET RID OF THAT COLD THE 'ASPRO' WAY QUICKLY & SAFELY

Get rid of that cold—you definitely can if you take 'ASPRO' at its inception. Don't think this statement is too good to be true. Thousands of those who pass you daily have proved its truth. At the first sign of depression, weakness, feverishness, sniffling, or sneezing, act quickly, TAKE TWO 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND YOU WILL IMMEDIATELY FEEL MUCH BETTER. Furthermore, you will stop the cold at its inception and most probably save complications. But remember you have GOT TO TAKE THE 'ASPRO.'

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Tyrie Bleachfield,
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Dear Sirs,

For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

I am, Yours faithfully,
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Will your friends think you "careless?" It can't happen if you use Harpic and see the easy way it keeps lavatory-pans really clean. Just sprinkle Harpic at night; then, without the work of unpleasant brushing, your lavatory-pan will be spotlessly white, fresh and sanitary. Free from all germs and odours. And Harpic does more — it sweeps right round the bend in the pipe where the brush cannot reach. Don't use dangerous acids — use Harpic. In NEW EASY-FLOW TIN. Prices 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

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## cured by first bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup.

Here is a letter all parents will be interested to read :—

"Our boy has suffered for some time with a nasty cough, and though we have tried many other medicines, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup is *the only one that has shown good results*—obtained from the first bottle."—(signed) A.C.C., Westcliff-on-Sea.

'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, the children's cough remedy, is pleasant to take; a tiny dose at night acts like a charm, bringing immediate relief and inducing peaceful, refreshing sleep. It can be given with absolute safety to even the youngest child.

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**168, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.**


SOMEBODY exclaims: "Oh, he's an actor!" and immediately an atmosphere of glamour and romance surrounds him. Straight away he is singled out from the rest of us as belonging to another world—living on another plane.

Yet if we only knew it, rubbing shoulders with us as they go about their daily work—serving stamps over the post office counter, punching our bus and tram tickets, growing our vegetables, waiting on us in cafés, making our suits, serving behind counters, keeping our bank accounts, digging our coal—there are hundreds of thousands of actors and actresses who step into the limelight for a night or two, and then slip back again into the obscurity of their workaday lives.

Though they are only "amateurs," many of them are none the less talented actors, who are giving the drama new life at a time when the professional stage is feeling the competition of the "Talkies."

Perhaps the amazing enthusiasm for amateur theatricals which has sprung up within the last ten years is the human rebellion against so much "canned" entertainment. Whatever the cause, the 10,000 odd dramatic societies dotted all over the country are flourishing vigorously and the number of them is increasing every year.

The peak of their activities is reached with the "Community Theatre Festival," a yearly competition organised by the British Drama League, now in full swing all over Great Britain.

For the great ambition of all these amateurs is to produce a play good enough to win the Cup at the Festival. They began last autumn, and throughout the winter they have been working amazingly hard at rehearsals. They display, too, a splendid "never-say-die" spirit in overcoming difficulties which continually crop up all the way along the line—in choosing a suitable play, in getting together the few "props" they are allowed, in arranging about dresses and lighting.

An example of the kind of difficulties these little dramatic societies are up against, and of the enterprise they show in overcoming them is the case of the Dunbeath Players.

## Wrong accent!

Last year they lost their chance in the festival because the cast spoke their lines with the Caithness accent. The producer, Mr. W. A. Sutherland, proprietor of the local hotel, was very disappointed and decided that something must be done about it.

He realised that it would be quite hopeless to try to alter the speech of the truly Scottish lads and lasses that made up his little company. But if only they had a play with a local setting, then the Caithness dialect would be turned from a handicap into an advantage. So he forthwith set about *writing one himself*.

He is a busy man, however, and in addition to looking after the hotel does "taxi" work with a car which he drives himself. The only spare time he gets, when he is really quiet, and has time to think, is while sitting in the car waiting for "fares."

Success has rewarded him, for they have won the "heat," and will go on to the divisional final held at Dingwall.

Judging the plays and eliminating them until there is one single prize-winner is a big job. Great Britain is divided into five areas—Wales, Scotland and East, West and North England.

In these areas preliminary "heats" are run off. The judges see three or four plays in an evening, or sometimes they are given during the day. Each play is allotted marks on the basis of 50 for acting, 30 for production, 10 for stage presentation, and 10 for dramatic endeavour.

Sometimes accidents happen which threaten to spoil a whole performance. For instance, during the preliminary festival held in London at the Grafton Theatre, which, by the way, went on every night for three weeks, the St. Bride Dramatic Society at the last minute were told they could not use their scenery.

The piece was "Night Episode," and they had taken a good deal of trouble to build suitable scenery for a street scene. The London County Council impose strict regulations governing the inflammability of scenery, and these pieces were made of wood which did not comply with them. So just before the performance they were told they could not use them.

At first the company thought of "scratching" from the festival. But later they decided to have a shot at it despite the handicap—begged, borrowed or stole a few odd bits round the theatre which helped the scene, and ended by coming out top of the sixty competing dramatic companies which were judged. An essential part of the festival is that at the end of each performance the judge must criticise it *in the presence of the audience*.

The judge's "remarks" are taken very seriously, and not always with due humility. During the present festival, when Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was being given, the judge criticised the producer for seating the host at the dinner table with his back to the audience.

## Hot retort

The society concerned wrote a protesting letter to the League Headquarters in London, pointing out very forcibly that the author himself had given explicit instructions in his stage directions that the host "should sit with his back to the audience."

Here is another incident "registering" protest at the judge's comments. The plays given at a certain place were by a local author. The judge did not know this, and afterwards remarked in his summing up that a series of better plays might have been chosen.

The Provost of the town, in his speech which followed immediately, made a point of saying: "The adjudicator who has come down to us thinks that he knows a good play when he sees one. We think that we know a good adjudicator when *we* see one—and we've not seen one this evening."

"The Country Girl" was entered for the festival last year at Inverness, and the day before it was to be given one of the leading men fell ill. There was nobody locally who could take the part, but at half an hour's notice a young tailor left Buxton for Inverness to play in the sick man's place.

Bad luck also attended a performance of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The scene was one in which Elizabeth Barrett had to talk to her dog. "Flush." But "Flush," as soon as the curtain rose, did a tour of inspection of the stage, found it entirely uninteresting, and promptly walked off, leaving Elizabeth with the unenviable task of altering her lines to cut out all references to the dog.

The actors, too, sometimes learn their parts under difficulties. One young man fell ill with appendicitis just as rehearsals were beginning. But so that he would not be left behind by the others he learnt his part while he lay in hospital recovering from the operation.

When the Great Hucklow Village Players gave "Macbeth," it was a shepherd who played the part of Macduff, and he learned his lines while he minded his sheep; and when the little village of Felton gave "King Henry V," the rector, the Rev. J. H. C. Evelegh, produced it, although he is deaf, and at rehearsals had to "listen" to the parts by "reading the lips" of the actors.

The plays are weeded out to the area finals, which are held at Glasgow, Ilkley, Pentre, Stratford-on-Avon, and London. Each centre sends one company to compete in the final test of all, to be held at the Old Vic. in London in May.

## Big figures

Great enthusiasm is shown by the "supporters" of the "teams" which come to London. One year the Cup was won by a company from a small village. On their return the fire brigade turned out, and there was a triumphant procession through the streets.

Last year the Cup was won by the Dramatic Club of Barr and Stroud, the scientific instrument makers, of Glasgow, with the first act of "What Every Woman Knows." This year they have entered with "Fantastic Flight."

Although the Community Theatre Festival was started only eight years ago, it has already produced some prominent figures associated with the theatre, among them Maurice Evans, one of the leading actors at the Old Vic., John Fernald, who produced "The Dominant Sex," now running in London, and Norman Marshall, who has done good work at the Gate Theatre.

*THOUSANDS put on their make-up and step into the limelight for a night or two, and then slip back into their workaday lives.*

# STARS of the Spare-time STAGE

## NEVER AGAIN . . .

Once only and never again can you join in a presentation such as "The Silver Jubilee Book," the announcement of which has stirred every JOHN BULL reader.

It is the whole human story of the 25 eventful years in the reign of King George V chosen from over 100,000 pictures. So colossal is the demand that orders can only be dealt with in strict rotation. This is positively your final opportunity. Turn to page 4 and act immediately.

# HEAD PAINS

## due to High Blood Pressure

Every man and woman who lives a strenuous life is liable to suffer from the distressing consequences of High Blood Pressure.

The usual symptoms are a sensation of tightness and throbbing in the head, flushing, noises in the ears, flashes of light before the eyes, giddiness, and palpitation. These indications are associated with nervous disturbances which conduce to sleeplessness, and a chronic state of anxiety.

Medical men have long sought for the perfect means of dealing with this problem, but the medicaments which were known to be efficacious in reducing High Blood Pressure were not only transitory in effect but were apt to depress the heart. What was needed was something that would reduce the arterial pressure, and at the same time maintain the heart beat.

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets in this respect are unique in medical experience. Clinical experience has definitely proved that they quickly reduce high blood pressure, *and not only maintain the heart beat, but strengthen and fortify the heart.* The benefits they confer are lasting, because they improve the condition of the entire circulatory system—blood, heart, arteries and veins!

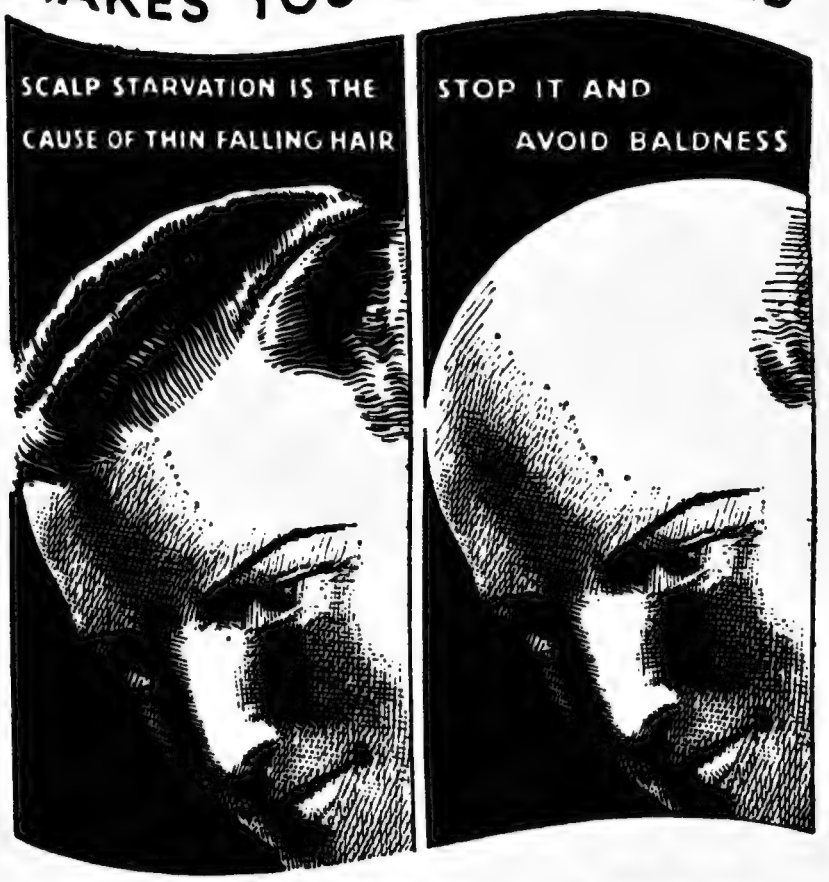
## Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!

*Of all chemists, 3/-, 5/- and New Family size 20/-*

*The 5/- size contains double, and the 20/- size nearly ten times the quantity of the 3/- size*

Proprietary rights are not claimed in this preparation apart from the registered trade mark 'Phyllosan.'

# BALDNESS MAKES YOU LOOK SO OLD




**You can't hope to do anything to stop your head from shedding its hair until you tackle the *cause* of the trouble. Scientists are agreed that the cause is scalp starvation. They are no less agreed that scalp starvation can be stopped by Silvikrin . . . because Silvikrin supplies the scalp with its natural food in the form it can naturally assimilate.**

**Nothing more is claimed for Silvikrin. Nothing more need be claimed. For when scalp starvation stops, healthy hair-growth starts again.**

**Silvikrin was invented by a very famous biologist, Dr. Weidner. No biologist of his international reputation dare let his name be associated with anything that was not open to the fullest scientific investigation. Such investigation has been made, many times, in Universities and hospitals. It has proved that Silvikrin is of the same organic structure as the nourishment the body itself supplies to the scalp; and that its constituents are the 14 substances long recognised as essential for building and strengthening hair.**

**If you could read the reports of experts upon the success Silvikrin has achieved in seemingly hopeless cases; if you could meet the thousands of people who gratefully testify to the wonderful improvement Silvikrin has made in their hair . . . You would start using Silvikrin to-day. So get a bottle of Pure Silvikrin to-day. From Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 6/-** (Same price in I.F.S.)

## Silvikrin

THE NATURAL HAIR FOOD

*goes to the root of hair trouble*

***From all Chemists (including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites), Hairdressers and Stores.***

*Write for FREE BOOKLET to*
**SILVIKRIN LABORATORIES,**
145, Sydney Road, London, N.10.

S-24-e

# IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

# Help Kidneys

**Don't Take Drastic Drugs.**

Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Beware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a minute and don't take dangerous drugs. Try the Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or money back. Only 3/- from all chemists, or Williams, 31, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1.

## SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK

HERE'S an interesting and valuable free book which will be of great use to every housewife and cook—in fact it should be in every home. It is the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of delightful menus to choose from. This book is offered free by Radiation New World Gas Cookers with the 'Regulo' Patented Oven Heat Control, which by simply adjusting the tap enables the oven to give different zones of heat suitable for different dishes.

**Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Publications Dept. 54/5C), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, and a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book will be sent by return.**

## YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

I am more than satisfied with the result of using URACE brand TABLETS in a most difficult case of Rheumatism. Nurse E—— A—— M——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/-.

NOTHING HE LIKES BETTER THAN NUTTALL'S RUMBOES

The "Good Companion" to Nuttall's Mintoes

**Treacherous Weather..**

The throat is the gateway for germs and infection when "rasped" or raw in damp, cold weather.
Keep it clear and moist . . . free from dry harshness or irritation with an 'Allenburys' Pastille. Suck it slowly and note how the combination of soothing, pure glycerine and delicious blackcurrent juice melts away the dryness and strain — rendering it clear and fresh. Try a handy size tin to-day—carry one in treacherous weather.

*Take care of your throat.*

with

**Allenburys**
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

*From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3*

**WATCH YOUR ECZEMA FADE AWAY**

There is nothing known to medical science which will give you quicker, more lasting relief than Cuticura. It stops the tormenting itch instantly; gives you days of peace and comfort and nights of restful sleep. But, best of all, Cuticura is an amazing healer, which will clear up the most stubborn cases of Eczema, Psoriasis and other torturing, disfiguring skin diseases.

**How Cuticura Heals**

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

**25 Years' Eczema Healed**

"I suffered with dry eczema on both hands for twenty-five years. The blisters would dry up and scale off and leave raw skin. The irritation was awful and I used to scratch in my sleep. I was helpless, for my hands were completely bandaged and I had to be fed. A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which I used and now I am completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. W. Allcock, 12, Aspley Grove, Birches Green, Birmingham.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 60) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

**Cuticura**
SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING


# The GOLDEN BULLET..

## *How it is Judged*

*"I do not see how any better system could be devised," said Sir Wyndham Childs*

IT is given to very few ordinary men and women to make themselves secure for life with one flash of inspiration.

Financiers, manufacturers and others have done it, but they are usually specially equipped in the way of capital or training and so hardly count as ordinary people.

Nothing offers so fine an opportunity to *you* as the *Bullets* way, which, as you will see on pages 46 and 47, is going to assure somebody £3,000, an ideal home and a car in exchange for four, three, or it might even be two words.

By what method of adjudication will we find the winner of that immense prize and of 13,213 other awards as well? Many readers ask us that question every week.

Well, it cannot be answered better than by reprinting what Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs himself had to write about it in 1931, when, as a result of many years of trial, we had found it to be the best and fairest way of judging:—

by

## Sir Wyndham CHILDS

I SUPPOSE a great many of my readers must wonder how the *Bullets* Department functions so smoothly week by week, dealing with entries without the slightest suggestion of a hitch.

I must confess that I have entertained some curiosity myself on this score and, having just concluded a little personal tour of inspection, it occurs to me that my impressions will not be without interest to others.

If I were asked to say what spirit keeps the wheels of the *Bullets* machine running smoothly, I should say "The Spirit of Enthusiasm"; it is apparent on every hand.

Nothing that can possibly enhance efficiency is omitted and from the moment an entry arrives it is dealt with in a thoroughly businesslike manner.

To save every precious second, so that the work of the judges shall not be hurried, envelopes are opened by an ingenious automatic machine, which deals with them at an almost incredible speed.

Lightning fingers then remove the contents and with a minimum of delay the entries come before the Adjudication Department.

### No scurry

I have been introduced to the men who examine your efforts and they form a cheery group of experienced journalists and competition experts, who give the same conscientious consideration to every entry they handle.

Frankly, I had pictured scenes of feverish activity, but it was explained to me that the work is so organised that each adjudicator knows exactly how many coupons he is expected to pass judgment on in a day.

He is thus able to spare the extra time required where coupons are difficult to decipher or where the *Bullet* happens to be particularly obscure. Always he bears in mind that each coupon may possibly yield the best *Bullet* ever written, so haste would be fatal.

My curiosity at this stage prompted me to ask for details of the process of selection. I was shown how all efforts showing merit were carefully put on one side by each judge, to be reviewed on the following day.

He then narrows down his selections, singling out the best for inclusion in the day's discussion. The balance he hands to a colleague and this second judge also selects some to come up for discussion.

### They commend

These judges, I was particularly interested to learn, are only responsible for picking out meritorious entries; they have no part in the actual allocation of prizes.

They merely commend efforts for some award and even that decision must be confirmed by other judges before the *Bullets* receive prizes.

Thus, by a process of judging and rejudging, the best *Bullets* of the day are gradually sifted into batches according to merit.

They are critically reviewed and are often the subject of lengthy discussions amongst the competition staff at the daily meeting, with the Competition Editor in the chair.

I do not see how any better system could be devised, for this means that the fate of the best *Bullets* is decided by an expert body of adjudicators, who consider their merits from every possible angle.

When these discussions are over, the selected *Bullets*, I understand, are subjected to further tests which, so far as research can determine, establish their degree of originality.

Then the judges' views are neatly collated and the selected entries are placed before a final selection committee, whose duty is the awarding of the prizes.

Immediately its verdict is announced a telegram is despatched to the principal prizewinner and the adjudicators return to their duties of selecting entries for the ensuing contest.

The prizes themselves, which run into thousands every week, are then prepared for despatch by a separate staff, and every award, large and small, is in the post by the time the result is published.

As I went through the various other departments of the *Bullets* organisation—the typing department, the strong-room where coupons are stored, the business section which despatches *Bullets Bulletin* and so on, the Competition Editor explained to me all the details of his organisation.

### The hundredth..

Here and there he stopped to show me a machine for this, for that and the other, and the various methods in operation to ease and expedite the work of his staff and ensure accuracy.

"As you see," he said, "we do all that is humanly possible to give every entrant complete satisfaction—and we succeed in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred."

"And the hundredth case?" I asked.

"For him," was the reply, "I am trying to invent an infallible competition machine which absorbs post-bags at one end and prints the best *Bullets* at the other.

"Meanwhile, we must just go on doing our best to see that the competitor gets whatever prize he deserves."

## SHAW ON BELISHA BEACONS

"It is not amusing to drive over people," says George Bernard Shaw, in an exclusive interview on Belisha Beacons, appearing in this week's big 96-page Spring and Birthday issue of *The Passing Show*. Now on sale.

Outstanding among the many other sparkling contributions of this splendid issue are: a riotous 4-page section—"Sir John Stoops to Conquer," by Warwick Deeping—"Loaded Dice," by Joan Conquest—and a fine new serial, "Room Number Four," by Will Scott. George Lansbury also makes a fine contribution with "For Ever Outdoors."

There is certain to be a tremendous demand for this unique issue of *The Passing Show*, price threepence.

Get your copy early, or you may be disappointed.

# SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY of a NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

French chemists, after years of research, have discovered a new face-powder formula which completely ends shiny nose and greasy-looking skin. It gives a perfect 'matt finish' which lasts for 8 hours. Neither rain nor perspiration can spoil it.

The secret is a new ingredient called 'Double Mousse' now contained in the New Poudre Tokalon. This makes the powder moisture-proof. Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not shiny and wet *but perfectly dry and 'matt.'* The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse.'

The same thing happens on your face. Your skin cannot become shiny when using New Poudre Tokalon. You can dance for hours in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. Try a box of New Poudre Tokalon to-day and see how amazingly different it is from all other powders because it is the only one with the 'matt finish' secret. The fascinating, girlish beauty it gives you will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. 6d. and 1/- a box.

## CATARRH

**RELIEF IN 30 SECONDS**

"I never stopped to read your advertisements until my doctor prescribed 'Nostroline' for Catarrh."—Don't be like this sufferer who had years of misery before using "Nostroline." "Nostroline" acts instantly. Clears head, stops discharge, opens breathing passages. Ends irritation, stuffiness. All Chemists sell "Nostroline," 1/3.

*Free Sample from "Nostroline" J 25 Clifton, Bristol.*

## A WONDERFUL RECOVERY

Mrs. Cookson, 6 Acacia Terrace, Ashington, writes:—"I had a severe breakdown in health and could not move hand or foot and vomited for five weeks. I was sent to the Infirmary, and after a week on nothing but Glucose water, the vomiting ceased, but I was terribly weak, and lost two stones. A friend advised me to try Vitadatio, and by persevering with it, I can do my own work again, and have gained 16 lbs. People tell me I am a miracle."

**Vitadatio** SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

# Great Health Dangers of OVER-WEIGHT

## How Heart, Lungs, Digestion, Nerves And Vitality Are Seriously Imperilled

Fatness robs you of Beauty, Grace and Charm, spoils your figure and ruins your looks. BUT THAT IS NOT ALL! Not only OUTSIDE, but INSIDE your body, too, it is threatening you! Those outward evidences are WARNINGS that your inner system is being stifled by FAT!

Within your body your vital functions are struggling for their very life!

**Your heart, encumbered by fat, warns you by palpitations and heavy thumping that it cannot stand the strain! Your lungs, unable to expand properly, warn you by feelings of breathlessness that they are being constricted!**

## WATCH YOUR WEIGHT

THOUSANDS of once fat women and men from all parts of the country are enthusiastically praising the wonder-working powers of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets—now accepted as the safe and certain way to Slimness. Their experiences prove beyond all doubt that it is now unnecessary for anybody to resign themselves to the tyranny of fatness—or to suffer the Health Danger and Mental Distress without hope of relief.

Unnecessary, too, are the desperate and dangerous slimming practices of former years. For "Silf" achieves its results without Dangerous Drugs, Drastic Dieting, Body-Straining Exercises or other weakening methods.

**7 DAYS' TRIAL**

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of Silf Brand Obesity Tablets and if, after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to The Silf Co., Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

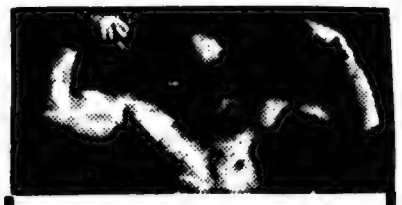
1/3 3/- and 5/- **Silf** BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

You save by purchasing the larger sizes.

*From all Chemists, or post free by sending the price to—*

**THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46 P), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1**

*No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*



# 80,000 PEOPLE HAVE READ THIS AMAZING BOOK!

IF you would read something that would stir your very vitals—if you would learn something the like of which you have never even dreamed! Then send for this book and read how YOU can change your body full of vitality, add five inches to your chest, acquire the power of battering rams in your arms, and develop a neck and legs like pillars! It's all here in this very book explained in detail, and you'll agree, like thousands of others have, that it's the most amazing book you have ever seen.

## WATCH THEM TURN AROUND!

NOTICE how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad-shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man, when they make their choice—one who can protect them. AND YOU CAN BE THAT MAN. Remember, I do not promise it, I GUARANTEE IT. Now, don't put it off a minute. Get going to new happiness, and real manhood, to-day!

## YOURS FREE IF YOU SEND NOW!

THIS month, to every reader of this paper who is interested—here's my offer: To prove to you what I have said about the "Secrets of Muscular Strength and How to Acquire It" I am going to give ONE FREE ISSUE providing you make application at once. I have received countless thousands of wonderful letters and photographs of actual transformation of men who never thought they could acquire strength and development! Make me PROVE these assertions to you by sending for your copy this minute, not to-morrow, you may be too late, but to-day—NOW!

**A. J. Briton (Dept. A14), 8, Broadway, London, W.6**

**ALFRED J. BRITON (Dept. A14), 8, Broadway, London, W.6.**

Please send me absolutely FREE a copy of your latest book, "The Secrets of Muscular Strength—and How To Acquire It."

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# Britain's finest cycle factory produces the best at lowest cost.

You get so much more for your money in a Royal Enfield by reason of the vast resources behind it. The finest modern plant—unlimited facilities for experiment and research—the cumulative experience of 40 years. These alone are the factors that enable you to buy—for the lowest price possible—the best modern bicycle, built from the highest grade British steel and embodying every desirable refinement. Ask your local dealer for particulars of our new Lightweight "Safety" Models.

# ROYAL ENFIELD

*"The Bicycle of Distinction"*

PRICES FROM £3 19 9 OR 2/- WEEKLY

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ADDRESS.....

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD. REDDITCH

# THREEFOLD RUPTURE TRIUMPH!

## FATHER & TWIN SONS SAY GOOD-BYE TO RUPTURE WORRIES

Read this amazing letter—one of the thousands received every year from overjoyed users in praise of the Wonderful Brooks Appliance.

"My *heartfelt thanks* for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured.* So I procured a Brooks Appliance, which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result."

Mr. A. C. Smith,
40, Lime Ave., Huthwaite, Mansfield.

**Don't** suffer any longer from neglected Rupture or from an out-of-date truss. Do as Mr. Smith and **744,000** others have done. Do as **2,300 English doctors recommend.** Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW and stop your Rupture worries for good!

## COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester.)

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD.,**
**(482T), 80, Gt. Mercery Lane, London, W.C.2**
**(482T), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.**

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **Free 10 Days' Trial Offer.**

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

(Please write plainly.)

CUT OUT AND POST—½d. STAMP

## NEW STRENGTH FOR TIRED MEN

How many men past their first youth are finding the strain of modern life too much? Finding they've lost their energy in business, their vitality, the "life" that made them good company, even their zest for pleasure?

No wonder doctors are advising them to build up new strength and vigour in a simple pleasant way they have been recommending for over fifty years. It is just to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your energy coming back.

## WHO IS YOUR SKINNY FRIEND, MARY?

Tell him to take Cod Liver Oil for a couple of months and get enough good, healthy flesh on his bones to look like a real man.

Or tell him he needn't swallow Cod Liver Oil with its fishy taste, because he can now get the wonderful vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil, which is even better than Cod Liver Oil, put up in sugar-coated tablet form.

Tell him to ask for Clotabs. Every chemist sells them at 1/3 and 3/- the bottle. Any man or woman can put on 3 lbs. of healthy flesh with 30 days' treatment as prescribed or the money will be refunded by the makers.

A little boy who was run-down and under weight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after teeth trouble found immediate improvement and gained at least 3 lbs. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

FREE TO ALL CLIENTS

THE 'BIG TWO'

## SPORTSMAN'S DIARY

"MORE THAN A DIARY"

"... It is a veritable gold mine of information for backers. Its 160 pages contain practically everything that a backer wants—rules, ready reckoner, racing fixtures, records, diary, and so on."—*Empire News.*

## LETTER COMMISSIONS

ACCEPTED

FROM 1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; 20/-; £2; £5; £10

Up to any amount in accordance with rules.

Bets by post bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race, in accordance with rules, will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

## LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

WINNINGS BY RETURN

ALL POSTAGE PAID

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd.

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2


# PROMISE I Wish I'd Never Kept

IT was harvest time in the year 1914, and I was only seventeen at the time.

"Son," said my father, a patriot of the old-fashioned school, "this war will not be over so quickly as they prophesy. It will probably drag on for years. . . . Promise me that you will join the Colours when you become eligible, and fight for the old country."

Something in me—call it cowardice, if you like—made me intensely unhappy when I agreed to my father's request.

To keep this promise, I duly participated in the bestialities of modern warfare, and, as a result, am minus an arm . . . and one of my eyes will never again see the light of day.—*"Scarred," Glasgow.*

### She Failed

She came to Liverpool to see me off. Four years was a long time in the lives of two who shared such a mutual love, and our parting was a sad one. Still, she was young—but seventeen—and my job abroad assured us of a home when I returned to this country. I kept my promise to wait for her throughout those years.

When finally we met again she introduced me to her husband, exclaiming laughingly, "Meet an old friend of mine, dear. I knew him when I was quite a youngster."—*"Dished," Birmingham.*

### A Childless Father

"The children shall never have a stepmother." Such was the promise I made to my first wife. She died at the early age of twenty-eight, and granny took the two boys, and has had them ever since.

I have been married twice since then, during a period of twenty years, and my children are far away in Mauritius.

I have had no children by my other wives. Would I had never kept my promise, but had kept, instead, my little ones.

For though I have great comfort and joy with my present wife, how dearly would we have liked to have the children with us.—*E. W. S., Essex.*

### Married Misery

Unfortunately I promised to "love, honour, and obey." I can't! She abhors love—not being sentimental. She disregards honour, because she seeks pleasure, whatever the cost, and she refuses to obey my demands to become normal and respectable.

She has alienated the respect of my closest friends, trampled underfoot the love of my parents, and has fostered the friendship of cringing and insincere friends much to my annoyance and discomfort. Still, having promised, I must try to "love, honour, and obey." It is a duty, but, oh God! how hard!—*"Think Twice," S. Wales.*

### Waste and Remorse

A friend invited me to a coming-of-age and card party at a fashionable hotel. Though not keen on such functions I promised to go, and duly turned up.

After an elaborate and costly dinner, we played cards for money, and I lost every penny. Leaving early, I saw at the rear of the hotel a queue of half-starved men and women at the kitchen entrance.

They were waiting for the "leavings" of the feast. Unable now to help them, I felt ashamed, and regretted exceedingly having kept my promise to attend the function.—*R. L. H., Wilts.*

### The Souvenir

While home on leave during the war I promised my small son I would bring him back a war souvenir.

I brought back what I had been assured was a perfectly harmless Mills bomb, the detonator having been removed.

After about a week my son tired of his war relic and it was consigned to the lumber room.

Soon afterwards, the maid, clearing out this room—to save walking downstairs—threw a sack of odds and ends, including this bomb, down on to the lawn. There was an explosion and the maid was taken away minus two fingers. —*B. H., Brighton.*

### Graceless Godson

Twenty years ago I stood godfather to my best friend's child, and promised his parents that when he grew up I would take him into my business. I kept my promise.

The boy has proved to be an unprincipled liar and cheat. He has lost me pounds besides undermining my business reputation. The criminal streak in his is inexplicable, for his parents are fi people, and I would do anything rath than they should know the true chara ter of their son.

I'm sorry now that I made such promise, and sorrier still that I kept —*F. L. M., Derby.*

### Little Marble Cross

I had promised to take my small s to see his grandparents on the occasi of his tenth birthday. Although suffe ing from a severe attack of influenza would not disappoi the lad and got o my car and start the journey.

In a tight corner m nerve failed. I fainte and we crashed into heavy lorry. By miracle I escape serious injury, but m boy was killed on t spot.

A little marble cr brings sad regrets a the bitter memory one promise I'm sor I kept.—*Creed, Somer set.*

### Bad Luck

In 1929 I went Canada. After a fe odd jobs I secured really good situat I was writing regular to my people, and ear in 1934 I had a letter telling me th my brother had married.

My father and mother were thus le alone. A little while later I had anothe letter, stating that my father had lo his job. As he was getting on in yea and unlikely to find employment easil I made up my mind to go home. I mad a promise to that effect. My parent reply showed how truly glad they we of my decision.

In August last I gave up my job, packe and sailed for England. *I have no worked since.—Boy Blue, Cambridge.*

### Too Obliging

During a party I laughingly told a gi friend to make use of me should her lo affair go wrong. The day occurred whe she reminded me of my promise.

Her lover was following a deviatin course inconsistent with her ideas o courtship . . . and I must act as bait.

In the right place, at the right moment I kissed her in full view of the reluctan lover. Crack! I made a descending acquaintance with the floor. The couple got together again as a result of th promise I'm sorry I made, for I got con cussion!—*W. M. S., Plymouth.*

### Sad

At his deathbed I promised my fathe that I would never marry so long as m mother lived.

I did not know that I was soon to meet the woman who would mean everything to me. I told her of my promise and she said she would wait for me. She did, uncomplainingly, for fifteen years until my mother's death.

Our happiness was destined to be short-lived; she died eighteen months later.

Had I broken my promise it would have made no difference to my mother, but all the difference in the world to my dear wife and me.—*"Widower," Sparkbrook.*

* * *

"Always obey your foreman, never give back-answers, and, above all, try to learn your job thoroughly." That was the promise I made to mother. Now, three years later, looked on as a "creeper" by my workmates, and abused by the very man they think I "creep" to—my boss.—*W. J., Heywood.*

I'd been ill and promised the doctor to take a holiday. Arrangements were made for my three little ones to go to a home at the seaside while I went in the country. While I was away one of my little ones was taken to hospital with diphtheria. I rushed off—too late; death arrived first. Why did I keep that promise to take a holiday?—*A. S., Plymouth.*

# FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

## By our Expert—for Matches Played on March 30

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) Huddersfield v. Manchester C.
(2) LEICESTER v. Liverpool.
(3) Preston v. Wednesday.
**(4) SUNDERLAND v. Leeds.
(5) HOTSPUR v. W.B. Albion.
(6) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Middlesbrough.
(7) ASTON VILLA v. Arsenal.
(8) CHELSEA v. Blackburn.
(9) DERBY v. Portsmouth.
*(10) EVERTON v. Stoke.
(11) Grimsby v. Birmingham.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) Notts County v. NORWICH.
(2) Oldham v. FULHAM.
(3) PORT VALE v. Bury.
(4) Sheffield U. v. WEST HAM.
(5) SOUTHAMPTON v. Plymouth.
(6) SWANSEA v. Forest.
(7) Barnsley v. BLACKPOOL.
**(8) BOLTON v. Bradford.
(9) BRADFORD C. v. Newcastle.
(10) Burnley v. Brentford.
(11) MANCHESTER U. v. Hull.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) Q.P. RANGERS v. Watford.
(2) Southend v. Gillingham.
*(3) SWINDON v. Exeter.
(4) TORQUAY v. Newport.
(5) ALDERSHOT v. Bristol C.
(6) Brighton v. Coventry.
(7) Bristol R. v. READING.
(8) CARDIFF v. Millwall.
**(9) CHARLTON v. Northampton.
*(10) C. PALACE v. Boscombe.
(11) LUTON v. Orient.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

*(1) DARLINGTON v. Rotherham.
**(2) DONCASTER v. Carlisle.
(3) Gateshead v. Wrexham.
**(4) HARTLEPOOLS v. Rochdale.
(5) New Brighton v. Chesterfield.
(6) Southport v. Barrow.
(7) Stockport v. Tranmere.
(8) YORK v. Walsall.
(9) Accrington v. HALIFAX.
*(10) CHESTER v. Mansfield.
(11) Crewe v. Lincoln.

**SCOTTISH CUP—Semi-finals.**

*(1) RANGERS v. Hearts, at Hampden Park.
(2) Aberdeen v. Hamilton, at Celtic Park.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. St. Mirren.
(2) Queen of South v. KILMARNOCK.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Hibernian.
(4) Ayr v. DUNDEE.
(5) Dunfermline v. Partick.

**SPECIAL STAR CODE.**

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—8 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*A*); Scottish Cup—1; Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Sunderland, Bolton, Charlton, Halifax, Rangers and Motherwell.

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, April 2.

*How I'd Commemorate the King's Jubilee.*

# Feeling UNFIT?

## Here are 8 Remedies for 8 Common Ailments.

THE following Shadforth prescriptions will relieve suffering and bring you back to health. Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. The pain and discomfort which follow normal eating, "nerves," rheumatic pains, those racking headaches, heart attacks, that "too old at Forty" feeling—be rid of them! There is a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment—a remedy which has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid. They are reasonably priced and will save you doctors' bills. Go to your chemist to-day, or send direct, and let Shadforth Prescriptions bring you back to health!

The Prescriptions published on this page are backed by the personal knowledge, skill and experience of Mr. Wm. Shadforth whose reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee of quality and value.

*Half-a-century's experience is behind the efficacy of each remedy.*

### PAIN AFTER EATING.

### GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

**You need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions."**

Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Ask for "White Lions." They give prompt relief and comfort.

*A Trial will convince you and make your mealtime happier!*

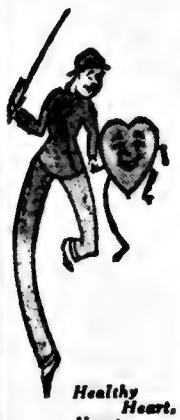
*Eat what you like. "White Lions" are*

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.**

**Price 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.**

### NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

### GIVE YOUR HEART THIS NEW LEASE OF LIFE!



*Healthy Heart, Hearty Health.*

**Don't be alarmed** because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will **strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys.** Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription **prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your failing-to-pieces feeling.**

### COLD IN THE NOSE

*Here is Positive Relief.*

Shake off Catarrh and Cold in the Nose before they get a real grip on your constitution! Try this famous and reliable remedy, which has worked wonders in thousands of cases. It is the **"Shadforth" Triplex Treatment (Prescription No. 331/T)** which penetrates the system and completely expels all the harmful poisons naturally and easily.

As soon as you start taking it, life-giving air flows freely into your lungs again. Head and nose become clear, and all feelings of "stuffiness" and "heaviness" melt away like magic.

Don't allow dangerous germs to linger in your nose and throat, but get this marvellous treatment right away and ward off such dangers as Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, Pneumonia, Permanent Deafness and Ear, Chest and Lung Diseases which often follow neglected Catarrh. Ask to-day for **"Shadforth" Prescription No. 331/T.** Prices 2/9, 4/6, and 8/6.

Let it do for YOU what it has done for others who are now quite well.

**Get this prescription to-day and say "Good-bye" to Colds.**

### BACKACHE AND RHEUMATISM

### Kidney, Liver, Uric Acid & Bladder Troubles.

*Quick Relief and Comfort.*

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Troubles, Constipation, Gall Stones with associated Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up at nights, are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **SHADFORTH *Brand***

**"BLADDER COMFORTERS"**

Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and ***without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour away from your occupation,*** they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They expel what is harmful. They succeed when other remedies have failed. Stop worrying! Start taking this **proved** remedy now, and be quickly restored. **Ask for "Bladder Comforters," Shadforth Prescription No. 285.**

Prices: **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

### ADENOIDS—ENLARGED TONSILS

***The Specialist's Verdict:—***

**"Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids Operation Unnecessary."**

Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331/TAD).**

**Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in Adults** are also conquered without operation, pain or loss of blood.

You can cure your child without the surgeon's knife or the loss of one drop of blood by means of the

**"SHADFORTH" KNIFELESS TREATMENT**

for Adenoids and Enlarged Tonsils. This most successful treatment has been drawn up by a distinguished doctor and it can be carried out easily at home. It is claimed to be one of the most recent advances of medical treatment, it has saved hundreds of operations, and costs only **7/6** with full directions.

***Read this:—*** *Feb., 1935*

***Please send your Knifeless Treatment for Adenoids and Enlarged Tonsils to the value of £2. My three daughters have received so much benefit from the 7/6 size I obtained that we wish to continue the treatment. I am sending the letter by air mail so as to save time.***

*Testimonial No. 1109.*

### BRIDGING WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS.

***Smoothes out the Problems of Middle Life!***

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope, and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 13/- (432 pills).

### PILES! *Prompt Relief and Permanent Restoration.*

Here is a Tonic Laxative Treatment which quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, associated with Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Hæmorrhoids any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Tourist Hæmorrhoid Treatment No. 304/H.D. Price 7/6.**

### A TIMELY REMINDER!

**Are all in your home enjoying the Best of Health! If not, Shadforth Prescriptions will help you along the road to health. Try them and prove it! Send your order NOW! They can be had privately packed and post free by return post at prices indicated, from address below.**

***Shadforth's famous prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's & Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist who either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.***

# SHADFORTH

**PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd., Dispensing Chemists, (Dept. J.B.55), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4**

### HOW TO AVOID A "STROKE."

***Specialist says, "Keep your arteries young, your blood pressure low, and add years to your life."***

HIGH Blood Pressure means High Risks! Here is a treatment which will lower it, 10 or more points a month, and KEEP it reasonably low. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns. Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, is now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonition of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger.

**Get it now. Prescription No. 1168/T. Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

*The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.*

PRIZES INCREASED to value over £1,500 in 'JOHN BULL'S' GIANT 300th X-WORD This week Only!

HUGE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

# £1,250 CASH AND

Magnificent 'Pye' RADIOGRAM

Complete with Automatic Record Changer, this Superb All-mains instrument gives equal delight to ear and eye and "Pye" reliability makes it perfection. Should First Prize be shared, the Radiogram goes to sharer whose square adjoining winning solution contains fewest errors.

VALUE 34 GUINEAS

£150 INCREASED Prize between all Runners-up

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVE TWO COUPONS IN SAME ENVELOPE

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer.

300

**BEFORE you to-day is the 300th puzzle prepared by "John Bull's" ingenious Compiler, the man who invented Common-sense Crosswords and whose problems still stand alone.**

**With this puzzle comes a Giant One-week Offer and the increased cash opportunities it provides are without parallel in over six years of attractive 7-day prize-lists.**

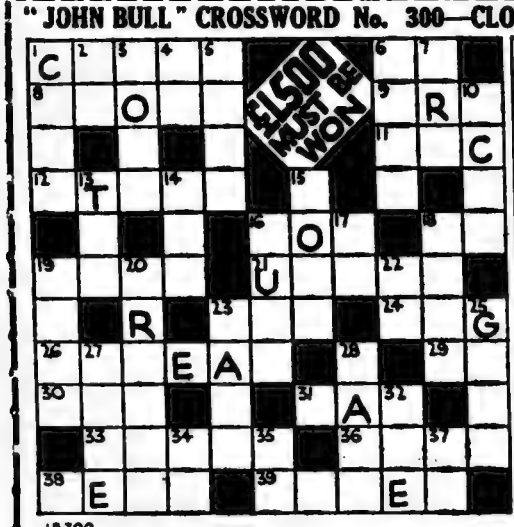
**For the First Prize-winner there is the enormous sum of £1,250 cash. Beat all other competitors as many have done before you, and this colossal reward will give you security for the rest of your life.**

**In addition to this Giant First, notice that the finest Radio Gramophone ever offered in a Crossword contest is also awaiting a winner—it is a beautiful 34-Guinea "Pye" All-Mains Model, with automatic record changer, fit for a millionaire's home.**

**Get down to our 300th problem this evening and make sure that your squares are in by noon on Thursday, April 4.**

"John Bull" will pay £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. The winner will also receive a 34-guinea All-mains "Pye" Radiogram. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided among those Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 11, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 18.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 300—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 4, 1935

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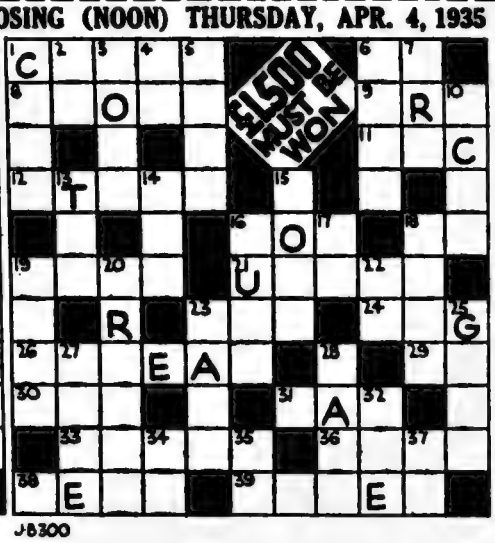



J.B.300

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

SIGNED .....

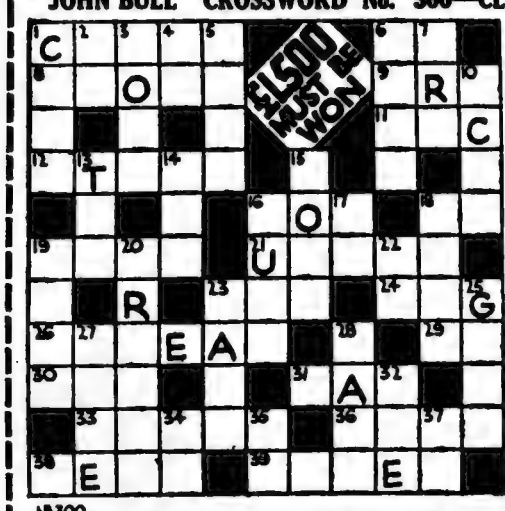
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 300—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 4, 1935

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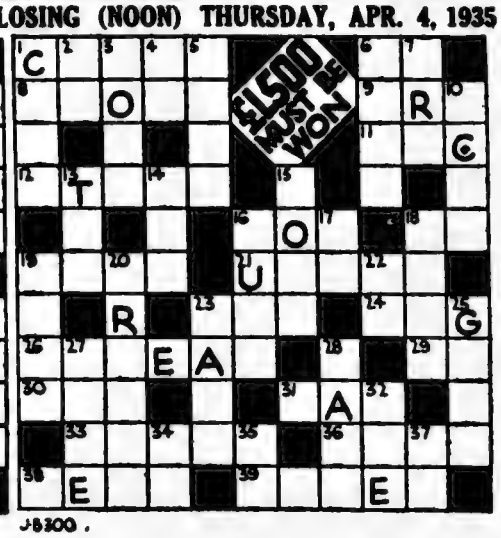



J.B.300

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

**ENTRY FEE**

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

**ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:**

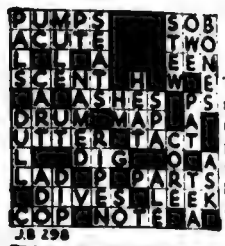
"John Bull" Crossword No. 300, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

**Free Help for X-Word Entrants.** Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept. 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED**

## Solution—X-Word No. 298.

Winners in Crossword No. 297 appear on page —. Winners in Crossword No. 296 will be published next week. The Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 298 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.



J.B.298

### STUDY THESE CLUES

**ACROSS**

1. Occupied by ocean traveller
6. Amen, so — it!
8. Not accompanied
9. A.D. denotes the Christian one
11. Middle of March and part of circle
12. Running up these is exhausting
16. It's always difficulty to train
18. Word in Clue No. 4 Down
19. Alpine sports depend on it.
21. Earnestly persuaded
23. Needed to enter this square
24. Game one makes one lame
26. Is a trial—and a trial can be this
29. Remove consonants from pail
30. Careless dancer treads on partner's
31. Be wary when setting this in motion
33. You've no money when you're this
36. Campers use one to sleep in
38. End most sought after for eating
39. Ramblers seldom have big ones

**DOWN**

1. Cause trouble in Lovers' Lane
2. Half of half and nearly all of all
3. Politeness prevents us dealing with one as we'd like
4. Wits are out when wine is this
5. Police spread and so catch criminal
6. Man who often annoys others
7. Make a mistake
10. Reckless ones usually end in crashes
13. Makes music in ears of winning boxer's manager
14. Dog limps with injured one
15. When it's this, blind shows the light
16. House is warned up by it
17. Use seventh letter twice
18. Bright thought
19. Soon fills up lag
20. They mean commission for traveller
22. Two-thirds of ell
23. Dogs are sometimes exercised in
25. Such watches can be cheaply bought
27. Elegant dress
28. Like big nave
32. Very tiny
34. Short for overtime
35. Heard when speaker hesitates
37. Beginning and end of news

### READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd, and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 4, 1935.

2.—**In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 18, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 30, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest.

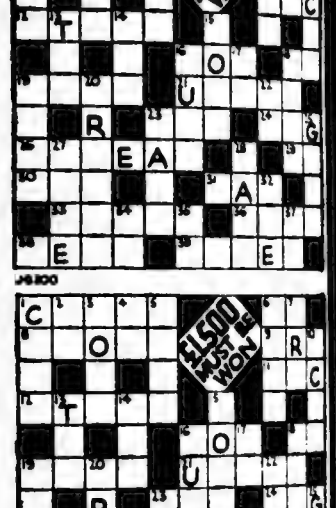
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW**

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

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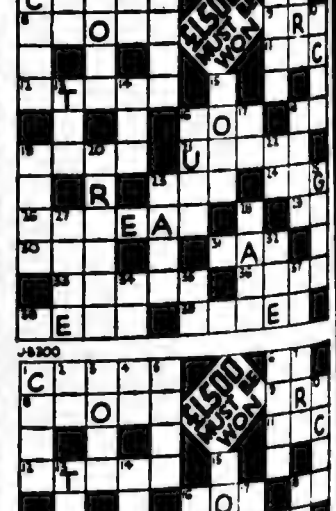


J.B.300

J.B.300

**NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.**

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Kid

# THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

*G. W. (Lambeth).—"My football club is doing badly, and yet we have some very finished players." Precisely.*

E. S. (Bath).—"What does the amateur gardener buy so many gardening implements for?" His neighbours.

TRADE UNIONIST (Sunderland).—"The average worker's dream is a five-day week." Or week-end.

SALESMAN (Cardiff).—"I want a job travelling out of doors." Most salesmen do that often enough!

L. N. (Dewsbury).—"There is one thing a performing knife-thrower needs." To be sure.

P. O. (Southampton).—"He is such a modest hero that we actually had to wake him up to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd." That was a rousing welcome?

T. M. (Manchester).—"We had plain-clothes policemen in attendance at our Golf dance." You told them to keep their eyes on the ball?

F. G. (Kettering).—"I never waste time by doing unnecessary work in the garden." You hand your seeds direct to the neighbour's fowls?

WEALTHY (Mayfair).—"I am continually besieged by company promoters who want me to throw in my lot." Or, at least, as much of it as you can possibly spare.

A. T. (Kenton).—"I wonder if people really appreciate the pilot who specialises in sky-writing." Well, his work is looked up to everywhere.

MRS. W. (Plymouth).—"I treated my maid exactly the same way as I treat my husband." Perhaps that's why she wouldn't stay.

AMATEUR ACTOR (London, N.).—"Tears were shed by the audience when I was shot in the last scene." Well, they knew it was only acting.

DRAMA (Westgate).—"I have been given a leading part in the play, but I find great difficulty in memorising my speeches." Hard lines.

Boss (City).—"My wife says that my typist is the most sour-looking creature she has ever seen." If you agree with her it will save bitterness at home.

C. B. (Carlisle).—"When my usual business failed my wife and I started to manufacture hoops." That was one way of making ends meet.

H. B. D. (Smethwick).—"I was very surprised to discover how long it took my apprentice to understand what a fuse box was for." You got a shock.

V. H. (Dewsbury).—"I was smoking a cigarette while watching some boys kicking about a football. Suddenly the ball struck me in the mouth." And did the sparks fly?

T. L. (Henley).—"I am going to listen in to the boat race because I like the commentary and the noise of the enthusiastic spectators." You want to hear the row.

MRS. J. (Buckhurst Hill).—"The first time my husband attempted to paper a room he fell off the steps and dislocated his wrist." Just as he was getting his hand in he put it out.

S. R. (Chideock).—"I've lived in crowded cities all my life, but now I've retired and live on a hill it's marvellous how my whole view of life has altered." You have now a bigger outlook?

MRS. R. J. (Worcester).—"For years I couldn't sleep at night unless I had a sleeping draught, but now that I keep my door open I sleep beautifully." With the help of another kind of draught?

M. T. (Epsom).—"Many who want to avoid work try to earn a living by discovering a system for backing horses successfully." Only to find that the system won't work either.

S. P. (Glasgow).—"Although my father was a rich collector of antiques, the only thing he left me when he died was a valueless earthenware vessel with many pieces broken off." A bit of a jar for you.

S. B. (Surbiton).—"Care should be taken not to make a window-box garden too moist." It is awkward when a wrathful policeman hammers on the door and complains that you have watered him copiously down the back of his neck.

S. N. (Wantage). — "A tax-evader dreads to be found out." And in.

DAVID M. (Hampstead).—"Our country inns are passable." Hikers don't seem to think so.

DOCTOR (East Lothian).—"A man should eat what he feels like." But supposing he feels like a whipped cur?

TEETOTALER (Chester). — "There is nothing that causes so much misery as drink." Except thirst.

S. L. (Watford).—"High heels make women irritable." Especially when other women have higher heels.

D. N. (Kennington).—"I must admit that I am a fool at cricket." Where do you field? At silly point?

HORACE (Shipley).—"I left my job because I got tired of waiting for a plum to drop into my mouth." Yet you threw it up.

FAN (Perth).—"The average goalkeeper finds it a very hard job to save a ball kicked from the penalty spot." In fact, it is often quite beyond him.

FRED (Midlands).—"A blacksmith is greatly fancied for an important local sprint." He's the red-hot favourite, we suppose.

G. E. (Wandsworth).—"Shopkeepers are complaining that there are far too many coppers about." A grievance with burglars, too.

CENTRE-FORWARD (Durham).—"We absolutely overwhelmed the other side and were twenty up when we changed over." A half-time score, so to speak.

A. M. (Glasgow).—"The corporation official who goes in for graft is risking his job." Unless, of course, he is in charge of the municipal gardens.

JOHN (Inverness).—"When my wife tells me a story she busies herself with powder-puff and lipstick the while." She makes it up as she goes along.

M. L. (Barnsley).—"I see that in America some confidence tricksters recently gave an outing to children." Did they provide the mugs?

ORGANIST (Clacton).—"When I arrived at the church, I found that the organ was not built, owing to a dispute, so I finished it myself." You soon put a stop to that!

B. J. (Waltham). — "Advertisements offering permanent jobs to young men willing to invest £100 seldom state the nature of the employment." That, in many instances, consists of getting your £100 back again.

A. M. (Dunfermline).—"What should I get a second-hand gramophone for?" What, indeed!

A. K. (Folkestone).—"Stale bread is never wasted in small hotels." The proof is in the pudding.

CURIOUS (Maida Vale).—"What is at the back of all those money-wasting traffic jams?" Our taxi, as a rule.

MRS. J. P. (Notting Hill).—"One day I heard a street singer making a fearful row." He must have lost his pitch.

MRS. D. (Hull).—"The modern servant does not know her place." She changes it often.

E. A. E. (Bristol). —"The reckless motorist must go." Yes, but he needn't go quite so fast.

W. D. (Hull).—"The good die young." Because they realise there isn't much use living if they have to be good.

G. M. (Salop).—"There are strata of society even in Mayfair." People who live in the same square do not always move in the same circles.

MISS T. (Oxford).—"Many famous entomologists have given their names to beautiful butterflies." Others have had plain, home-loving wives.

R. B. (Exeter).—"I haven't worn a hat for ten years." Neither have many other people; six months is about the time they usually last.

EX-POLICEMAN (Birmingham).—"I have just started in business as a beauty specialist." So you are still dealing with ugly customers?

G. N. (Rochester).—"I have trained myself to wake up at any hour of the morning I wish." The triumph of mind over mattress.

G. B. (Chigwell).—"A friend of mine who is very bald says he is going to be a nudist this summer." He's already started at the top.

RETIRED SAILOR (Uxbridge). — "I'm thinking of opening a petrol station." You should be able to manage the pumps all right.

DR. P. (Manchester).—"All our solid and liquid foods will soon be in tablet form." That will be a Bitter Pill for beer-drinkers to swallow.

P. M. (London, W.).—"I counted more than eighty glow-worms in Hyde Park the other evening." The Brighter London Society must have started its spring campaign earlier this year.

G. N. (Covent Garden).—"The majority of fruit experts can tell the exact number of pips in an orange without cutting it open." But they are liable, of course, to slip up on the peel.

R. J. E. (Bristol).—"They're going to give the children Jubilee souvenirs, but what about the parents?" May we suggest one for you? Turn to pages 46 and 47 and win our Jubilee First Prize for a *Bullet*—an Ideal Home, a Car, and £3,000!

LAW STUDENT (Bloomsbury).—"When I admitted, as I had to, that I was unable to pay the rent, my landlady hit me over the head with one of my own books." Taking the law in her own hands?

L. K. (Hatfield).—"The majority of men take their clothes very seriously as soon as spring arrives." Whereas in the winter, of course, they are simply tickled to death by their new woollies.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.


*"Every Picture tells a Story."*

# Weak Kidneys disturb your sleep

YOU CAN'T GO ON day after day handicapped by backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night, rheumatic twinges or nerve pains. Probably the trouble lies with the kidneys. Don't waste precious time trying merely to ease the pain—get the kidneys working actively with the help of Doans Backache Kidney Pills, and you will cease to be a martyr to rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, and bladder weakness.

## Scarcely able to Move with Lumbago and Sciatica

On 15th December, 1909, Mr. A. Circuit, 78b, Cyclops Street, Petre Street, Sheffield, said:—"Sciatica and lumbago came on suddenly, compelling me to take to bed. For nine weeks after that I was scarcely able to move. The pains down both my legs and across my back were almost unbearable.

My neighbours began to think I should never be well again. Fortunately, I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They were so good that I keep well now, although I am out in all weathers."

On 27th August, 1934, Mr. Circuit said:—"I attribute my good health to Doans Pills. They are splendid.

(*Signed*) A. Circuit."

**1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon**

## NIGHTS OF AWFUL STOMACH PAIN

**What a relief to be able to eat and sleep normally after years of stomach trouble which caused nights of unbearable pain.**

No wonder Mr. T. Cairns, of 50, Leitrim Street, Belfast, says he was fortunate when he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Being a sufferer from stomach trouble for years, I have tried every other remedy I could hear about, without success, until I had the good fortune of trying your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now I can eat anything without suffering ill effects. I have lain in bed at nights in a cold sweat through pain almost unbearable, but since using your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I can sleep in peace and comfort. I am recommending Maclean Brand Stomach Powder every opportunity I get, and will continue to do so, as I pity anyone suffering as I did."

Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

# GIANT 'BULLETS' SILVER JUBILEE CONTEST

1ST PRIZE WAITING FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

£3000

OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £4,000

COMPLETELY FURNISHED, FULLY EQUIPPED, ALL-ELECTRIC

## IDEAL HOME plus

WITH LAID-OUT GARDEN, GARAGE AND CAR

**Your Jubilee House** which "John Bull" will build on any suitable site which you may select, will be the IDEAL HOME NOW ERECTED AT STAND 5, NAT. HALL, OLYMPIA EXHIBITION BY MESSRS. G. T. CROUCH, LTD., THE FAMOUS LONDON BUILDERS, or any alternative design you may choose from their various Estate Show Houses. Cost of necessary land, all legal expenses, laid-out garden, garage, complete furniture, curtains and many other extras, all-electric equipment, including stove, radiators, radio, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, etc., etc., etc., comprising every item of expenditure up to £1,500 cash, will be met by "John Bull" to make this a Jubilee House indeed

**Your £199 Jubilee Car** will be the magnificent new Singer 4-5 seater Saloon, in colours to your choice, licensed and insured for 1 year; complete with sliding roof, safety glass, leather upholstery and the new Independent Suspension for perfect safety and comfort.

TO-DAY, to celebrate the Silver Jubilee in right royal fashion, JOHN BULL launches a Giant Ideal Home Contest without parallel!

How long would it take you to save up enough money to build the House of your Dreams, with just the very furniture you want, all the most modern equipment, a luxurious car in the garage and a laid-out garden ready for your enjoyment?

How long would it take you to amass in addition a huge fortune of £3,000, enough to make life in the House of your Dreams the care-free existence you have longed for; to provide for your wife and family and make the world a pleasant place?

Even after a lifetime of labour, few are able to attain such blessings. But in the next half-hour you can win them all by fitting a few words together into a *Bullet* for this sensational Jubilee Contest. That thrilling First Prize telegram from JOHN BULL will arrive for somebody on Friday, April 26—why not for you?

Study the details of this colossal 3-in-1 award on this page. See the fine range of big graded cheques which follow it. Note that every cash prize is accompanied by a Silver Jubilee Medal prepared by the Royal Mint. And do not overlook the unlimited distribution of Free Jubilee Surprise Gifts, each value over 2s., which is linked with this memorable prize-list.

No fewer than 13,215 opportunities of success are yours to-day—but yours only for a few days. Guided by the instructions on this page, get busy at once with your *Bullets* for the coupons provided and see that your entry is in by Saturday, April 13.

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To fit together a neat and telling phrase, aptly linked with one of the *Examples* given, is not beyond any man or woman who will use care and common-sense.

Get paper and pencil and tackle our Jubilee *Examples* now, starting by reading carefully through the 48 provided and jotting down, say, six of those which most appeal to you as the basis of some crisp and worth-while comment.

Some *Examples*, you will find, produce a stream of thoughts in your mind—others, though less inviting at first glance, may suit your purpose even better when you settle down to a careful consideration of their possibilities.

Against any selected *Examples*, jot down all the rough thoughts which occur to you as you dwell upon their meaning or meanings. Next comes the process of polishing these rough thoughts into effective *Bullets*.

In its finished form each *Bullet* you make should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which, linking up neatly with the *Example* chosen, complete an apt and original comment.

Suppose, for instance, you were working on the *Example* HATS OFF; your first rough thought might well be the somewhat obvious comment, *If Government Starts Working*. From this beginning you could soon arrive at the finished *Bullet*, HATS OFF—WHEN GOVERNMENT "REMOVES COAT."

To help you further, before starting on your own efforts, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* on this page, noting carefully the skilful use of ordinary words in everyday use and how each *Bullet* links up with its *Example*.

Then get busy on your own *Bullets*, phrasing them as neatly as you can and seeing that their meaning is clear. Finally, make sure that they are posted in time to reach the judges by Saturday, April 13, remembering to enclose the Jubilee Gift Voucher Label, duly completed, if you wish to qualify for this unique Presentation.

**ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull," and crossed "& Co."**

## ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

MIGHTY EMPIRE
GOOD HOME
HIS MEN
HINT TO GENEVA
IF WE STICK TO OUR GUNS
FATHER NEPTUNE
PIONEERS
ARMAMENTS MOUNTAIN
ROAD TO FAME
OUR CHICKS
UPROAR IN THE NURSERY
GENTLY
WHAT'S AHEAD
GRANNY KNOWS
THE CUCKOO
IN CLOVER
ONE MORE
"CONGRATULATIONS!"
SOON WE SHALL SEE
THANKS TO MARCONI
ONE FAMILY
HATS OFF
DOWN THE MINE
MACHINERY
HARD TO MAKE
THE PROFITEER
HE'S A SLACKER, SO
MOTHER AND BABY
LOVE OF MONEY
OUTRAGEOUS
BUILDING CASTLES
FATHER GROANED AND
AT RECORD SPEED
WOMAN'S WISDOM
TRADE BOOM
WAITING FOR A JOB
SILVER LINING
CHEERING
MAKES THE BULLDOG GROWL
SONNY'S PAL
QUEEN OF THE MAY
IF I WERE RAMSAY
LITTLE TINKER
LEADING
WE MAY BE POOR, BUT
BEATING THE AIR
MYSTERY MAN
EVERY SUNDAY

## 50 BIG CHEQUES PLUS BONUSES WON THIS WEEK!

**FIRST PRIZE £600.—COMPETITION No. 974.**

**B. PUTLAND, 23, Prospect Place, Leiston, Suffolk.**

Example: AVERAGE WOMAN
Bullet: UNPUNCTUAL—THERE, WHEN WANTED!

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**I. ASH, 29, Waverley Gardens, North Circular Road, London, N.W.**
Example: Over The Hills
Bullet: Without "Changing," Friendship's "Test."

### THIRD PRIZE OF £20:

**W. HOLLAND, 31, Church Grove, Billesley, Birmingham.**
Example: To Help The Workless
Bullet: End Spectre, Spend Extra!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### OTHER PRIZES:

**£30:** H. WRIGHT, 14, Mere Road, Leicester.
Geneva's Lifeboat—Helpless—Try "Human Chain."

**£20:** A. B. JONES, The Shop, Llyswen, Brecon.
Shows It's Spring—Sunshine—And Chancellor's "Shadow."

**£18:** G. QUINTON, 62, Kingston Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.
Average Woman—Half Perversity—Halves Adversity
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£16:** A. L. WILKINSON 52, Bowley Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.
Side-tracked—Religion's Simple "Follow Me!"

**£14:** Miss R. GRAINGER, 39, Bullroyd Avenue, Bradford.
Shows It's Spring—Hawthorn Inhabited—"Hawthorns" Uninhabitable.

**£12:** P. ECCLES, 2, Bk. Ferry Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Television—"Telescope"—No Telling Scope.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£10:** J. R. ELDER 2,321, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Shows It's Spring—Flat Racing—House Hunting.

**£9:** J. HAMPSON, 41, Hazleton Road, Liverpool.
Poverty—Reduces Vitality—Reducing, Vital.

**£8:** T. E. JONES, "Sherwood," Chepstow Road, Newport.
Solly's Partner—Pales, Seeing Solly "Flush."

**£7:** W. H. BUTLER, 2, Valley Road, Bloxwich, Walsall.
Promising Young Man—[illegible]"—And So Cool!

**£6:** H. WILLIAMS, "Cabinteely," Church Lane, Wistaston, near Crewe.
Geneva's Lifeboat—Mirage? Then Troopship's Real.

### 6 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. E. BROOKS, 2, Northbourne Road, Clacton-on-Sea.
Way To Her Heart—Difficult—Her Head, "Sentry."

J. COTTAM, Oakwood, Dalton, Parbold, near Wigan.
Without A Stain—Life—His Monument, Blot! (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. K. FRASER, 4, Ayr Street, Glasgow.
Solly's Partner—Sandy—Business On *Rock*.

E. MILNER, 84, Canning Street, Hull.
More Daylight — Would *Kill* Armament "Plants."

H. L. SAWYER, 15, Redford Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
Bad Work — "Cleaning Up" Bluebell "Carpet."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. STEAD, 14, Lochend Crescent, Bearsden, Glasgow.
Without A Stain—Overalls "Condemned To Hang."

**Each of the above winners will also receive a Bonus consisting of a Case of Groceries, as will 30 of £4. A list of these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."**

**ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.**

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges of competition, with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./. Entrants' name, address, date of posting must be [illegible] Postal Order, the number of which must be noted on each coupon submitted. Copies must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding in all respects and acceptance of the prize is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

**The original cheque for £1,500 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 973 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Jones, Post Office, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire.**

**HOW "BULLETS" ARE JUDGED**
*See article on page 40.*

# WITH UNLIMITED SURPRISE GIFTS

13,214 OTHER PRIZES

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| £200 | £90 | £80 | £70 | £60 | £50 | £40 | £30 | £20 | £19 |
| £100 | £18 | £17 | £16 | £15 | £14 | £13 | £12 | £11 | £10 |
| | £9 | £8 | £7 | £6 | 5 at £5 | 10 at £4 | 25 at £3 | 50 at £2 | 100 at £1 |

2,000 Red Seal "Targets"
10,000 "Target" Prizes

1,000 of 2/6

Every CASH PRIZE-WINNER ALSO RECEIVES . . .
SILVER JUBILEE MEDAL
Struck by Royal Mint

## Unique "Bullets" Silver Jubilee Presentation

To all entrants for "Bullets" Great Jubilee Contest who submit 4 or more Sixpenny (or prize) coupons, with Voucher Label below as directed, "John Bull" will present a specially prepared handsome, useful and appropriate . .

## Surprise Gift

Value over Two Shillings

All Jubilee Prizes and Surprise Gifts Despatched Wed. May 1

## How to secure your Jubilee Surprise Gift by post on Thursday, May 2

In order to secure "John Bull's" Handsome Jubilee Gift, never distributed before in connection with "Bullets," you must enter four or more sixpenny (or prize) coupons in same name and address for "Bullets" Competition No. 978, actually enclosing in same envelope the Jubilee Gift Voucher Label on this page, bearing stamps value 4½d. firmly affixed as directed. No Gift allowed unless all instructions are carefully followed. (Irish Free State readers to attach 1½d. stamp only to Voucher Label, since only non-dutiable Gift can be despatched).

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(978) Closing SAT., April 13 | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to use Advertiser's Coupons on back, you can enter your "Bullets" or apply for "Bullets" Bulletin on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 978 usually purchase "John Bull."

AVE MONEY

enclosing this new sy Registration upon with your ry for "Bullets" or ohn Bull" Cross-rds and thus secure pages of Competi-n assistance

REE !

## ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette: I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

## JUBILEE FREE GIFT VOUCHER LABEL BELOW . . .

AFFIX THREE 1½D STAMPS FIRMLY TO SPACES BELOW AND ENCLOSE LABEL WITH 4 OR MORE COUPONS AS DIRECTED . . .

## IMMEDIATE

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

You Must Affix 1½D Stamp here

LETTER POST WITH GREAT CARE

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 978, "John Bull," Long Acre London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

# ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

**Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it**

## CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

*A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.*

**Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

*This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.*

**PALM OIL**
costs **4d.** per lb.

**ALMOND OIL**
costs **5/6** per lb.

**Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.**

*"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"*

*FIANCEE: "You flatterer! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6, as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from this Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap—originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."*

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

**1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.**

*Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from*

**SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 314), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.**

# NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

**REVOLUTION IN SHAVING**

***Millions are now using Shavex all over the world. Beware of Imitations.***

**THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH and USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING which takes a quarter of the time.**

**We guarantee that one can have a perfect shave in two minutes with Shavex.**

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect Shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave.

**When asking your Chemist for Shavex, ask for the Magnificent Outfit, including a Silver-plated Razor with Six Blades for 1/-. Usual price 2/6.**

**SHAVEX**
**is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.**

If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor Blade and there is none better than the Shavex Blade which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades, originally 4d. each, are now reduced to 2d.

*FRIEND: Good Lord, not dressed yet. I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes and that Conference can never wait. Heaven above, what are all those soap suds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now, why every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Kings and Princes use Shavex.*

*JIM: Have you got some Shavex, my face is quite sore?*

*FRIEND: Wait a tick, Old Chap I will get you my tube and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had, and when you have shaved, rub Shavex in the Skin, it's a Skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My Wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.*

*JIM: Well, you certainly look young and your skin looks fine and you look as fresh as a daisy.*

**SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY—for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.**

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

# SPA-SEL SALTS

## *The Regenerator of the Human Body*

SPA-SEL is one of the most perfect SALTS that can be taken to purify the Blood, cleanse the kidneys, tone up the liver and keep the stomach in a perfect condition.

To keep young, and keep old age at bay, there is nothing more wonderful than Spa-sel Salts.

All acids are eliminated and no one can have Rheumatism, Arthritis, etc., with Spa-sel. All Toxine Poisoning is washed away from the system. It is the most perfect remedy ever known and the result is RADIANT HEALTH and the Skin looking perfect.

**In Bottles at**

**9D. and 1/6**

*Post free from the:—*

**SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. A.3), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19**

*Friend.—Whoever would believe that you were so stout only three months ago. I can hardly recognise you. You look Wonderful in that beautiful gown.*

*The Mother.—Oh, yes, Ella has lost at least three stone in those three months, and she feels in such perfect health. Now she can go to Balls, and all men admire her. It is astonishing how the whole face changes when the figure is slim, and the stoutness is taken away.*

*Friend.—How on earth did you get like that, Ella?*

*Ella.—Would you like me to tell you? All right, I will. I took SPA-SEL SALTS—and they are marvellous, and have wonderful phosphates in them that purify the blood, and I felt splendid when taking them. I have never felt so well as I do now. My heart started hurting me with my being so stout. I did not dance, I could not eat—everything made me stout. Now I am splendid—and now if I have eaten too much or the food is not quite right, a spoonful of Spa-sel puts me in perfect condition and keeps me slim.*

*Friend.—Well, the first thing I'll do is to take Spa-sel when I get home. I am only 26 and I weigh 14 stone. Why shouldn't I get my figure like Ella's?*

*Mother.—Splendid.*

**ECZEMA.**
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

**VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.**
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

**ABSCESSES.**
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

**ERYSIPELAS.**
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

**CORNS.**
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

# SKIN DISEASES

## Disappear in a Night

**WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.**

***Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.***

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

**BURNS.**
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

**BOILS, ETC.**
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

**PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.**
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

**LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.**
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

# ZEE-KOL

**The Wonder Skin Remedy**

**4 FREE GIFTS COUPON**

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

149 B 102

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A 121